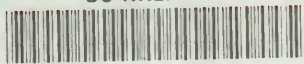


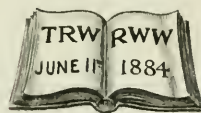
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*I hereby certify that the impression of this reprint of the  
History of Jack of Newbury is strictly limited to twenty-six  
copies, no extra perfect copy being preserved either in the  
waste or even in proof-sheets.*

*November, 1859.*

*Thomas A. L. L.*





THE  
History of John Winchcomb,  
USUALLY CALLED  
JACK OF NEWBURY,  
THE FAMOUS CLOTHIER.

WRITTEN BY  
THOMAS DELONEY, A.D. 1597.

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EDITED BY  
JAMES O. HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S.

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LONDON:  
PRINTED BY THOMAS RICHARDS,  
37, GREAT QUEEN STREET.  
1859.



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## P R E F A C E.

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WARWICK is not more popularly associated with the adventures of the celebrated knight Sir Guy, nor Southampton with those of the equally renowned Sir Bevis, than is Newbury with the name of the prosperous clothier, John Wincheomb, who for nearly three centuries, if not for a longer period, has been distinguished by the familiar appellation of Jack of Newbury. There is, however, this distinction peculiar to the history of the last named personage, that whereas even the names of Guy and Bevis are fictitious, the popular novel of Jack of Newbury concerns not merely a real individual, but details circumstances founded partially on well-ascertained facts and partially on details derived from traditional sources. Jack's real name was John Wincheombe alias Smalwoode, an eminent clothier of Newbury during the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. He realized a large fortune; and, amongst other benefactions to Newbury, is said to have built the church vestry. In his will, dated in January, 1519, the year in which he died, he is de-



scribed as "John Smalwoode the elder, alias John Wyncheombe, of the parisshe of Seynt Nicholas in Newbery." He gives "to the parisshe church of Newbery, towards the buylding and edifying of the same, 40*l.*," besides donations to the various altars. He directs that he should be buried "in our Lady chauncell within the parisshe church of Newbury aforsaide by Alice my wif, and a stone to be leyde upon us bothe." His wife Alice had been long dead at the date of this will, as he had again married, and left a widow named Joan, who is mentioned and liberally provided for. There are also legacies to numerous individuals, and to every one of his servants. Amongst the former may be mentioned forty shillings to Sir John Waite, parson of Newberry, "for the recompens of my tithes necligently forgotten": the "Sir," it is hardly necessary to observe, not being the title of knighthood, but the ordinary Anglicized one from *Dominus*, the scholastic denomination of clergymen, as we have the parson Evans termed Sir Hugh Evans in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. The will was proved on March 24th, 1519, by the testator's son John, who was residuary legatee.

John Wincheomb died within a few weeks after the date of this will, as appears from a brass effigy in Newbury church bearing the following inscription,—  
"Off your charitie pray for the soule of John Smalwode alias Wyncheom and Alys hys wyfe ; John dyed

the xv. day of February, A.D. 1519." This memorial must be distinguished from a stone monument of a man in armour, with three wives, six sons and five daughters, which is sometimes vulgarly stated to represent Jack and his children, but which really belongs to another family. Winchcomb died at an advanced age, six years after the battle of Flodden, so that the tradition that he was present at that celebrated contest is probably an error, though it is very possible that he may have furnished a company for the service of his country. There is also a tradition that he entertained Henry the Eighth and Queen Catharine at Newbury. The site of his house is believed to have been partly the ground upon which the inn bearing his name now stands, and it is said that his workshops extended to the marsh. Certain it is that ancient carvings, some of which undoubtedly belonged to the Winchcomb family in the sixteenth century, were discovered some years ago in pulling down old buildings in that locality. Jack's family attained to some social distinction; for his eldest son John obtained a grant of arms, and one of his descendants was the owner of Donnington castle. A portrait of this son, taken in 1550, when he was in the sixty-first year of his age, is, I am told, still preserved at Newbury. Supposing, therefore, that Jack himself married very early in life, this fact of the son's age in the year 1550 would incline us to place the father's birth in 1470 at the very latest; but he pro-



bably first saw the light some years before the date last mentioned.

Some of the principal facts in the life of Winchcomb were unquestionably in traditional circulation at Newbury at the close of the sixteenth century; for when that prolific pamphleteer and novelist, Thomas Deloney, made him the subject of a romance, the leading circumstances of his history were faithfully adhered to. Deloney's novel of *Jack Newbury* was licensed to T. Myllington on March 7th, 1596, and it was undoubtedly published soon after that period, but no copy of so early a date is now known to exist, the earliest one I have met with being the ninth edition, published by Cuthbert Wright in 1633. This is no doubt, with the exception of the orthography and perhaps some little of the idiomatic language, a faithful reproduction of the earlier copies. This complete version was several times republished, but in the last century abridged editions of it were sometimes issued, and the modern chap-book copies are generally mere fragments of the original. The romance, although highly illustrative of old manners and customs, is of small literary merit. It chiefly consists of a number of desultory stories, some of which have no relation to the subject of the history, and ends, like *Rasselas*, with a conclusion in which nothing is concluded.

THE  
PLEASANT HISTORY  
OF  
JOHN WINCHCOMB,

In his younger yeares called Jacke  
of Newberie, the famous and worthy Clothier  
of England: declaring his life and love,  
together with his charitable deeds  
and great hospitality;

And how hee set continually five hundred poore  
people at worke, to the great benefit of the  
Commonwealth; worthy to be  
read and regarded.

Now the ninth time Imprinted, corrected and enlarged, by T. D.

*Haud curo invidiam.*

LONDON:

*Printed by* ROBERT YOUNG, *and are to be sold by*  
CUTHBERT WRIGHT. 1633.







To all Famous Cloath-workers in England,  
I wish all happinesse of life, prosperity  
and brotherly affection.

*Among all manuall Arts used in this Land, none is more famous for desert, or more benefieiall to the Commonwealth than is the most necessarie Art of Cloathing, and therefore as the benefit thereof is great, so are the professors of the same to be both loved and maintained. Many wise men therefore, having deeply considered the same, most bountifully have bestowed their gifts for upholding of so excellent a commodity, which hath been, and yet is the nourishing of many thousands of poore people. Wherefore to you, most worthy Clothiers, doe I dedicate this my rude work, which hath raised out of the dust of forgetfulnesse a most famous and worthy man, whose name was John Winchcombe, alias Jacke of Newberie; of whose life and love I have briefly written, and in a plaine and humble maner, that it may be the better understood of those for whose sakes I take paines to compile it, that is, for the well minded Clothiers, that herein they may be*

*hold the great worship and credit which men of this trade have in former time come unto. If therefore it be of you kindly accepted, I have the end of my desire, and thinke my paines well recompenced; and finding your gentlenes answering my hope, it shall move me shortly to set to your sight the long hidden Historie of Thomas of Redding, George of Glocester, Richard of Worcester, & William of Salsburie, with divers others, who were all most notable members in the Commonwealth of this Land, and men of great fame and dignitie. In the meane space I commend you all to the most high God; who ever increase, in all perfection and prosperous estate, the long honoured trade of English Clothiers.*

*Yours in all humble service,*

*T. D.*








*The most Pleasant and delectable Historie  
of John Winchcombe, otherwise called  
Jacke of Newberie ; and first of his love  
and pleasant life.*

CHAP. I.

N the dayes of King Henry the eight, that most noble and victorious Prince, in the beginning of his reigne, John Winchcomb, a broad cloth Weaver, dwelt in Newberie, a towne in Barkshire : who for that he was a man of a merry disposition, and honest conversation, was wondrous well beloved of rich and poore, especially because in every place where hee came, hee would spend his money with the best, and was not any time found a churle of his purse. Wherefore beeing so good a companion, hee was called of old and young Jacke of Newberie : a man so generally well knowne in all his countrey for his good fellowship, that hee could goe in no place but he found acquaintance ; by meanes whereof, Jacke could no sooner get a crowne, but straight hee found meanes to spend it : yet had he ever this care, that hee would always keepe himselfe in comely and decent apparell, neither at any time would hee be over-

come in drinke, but so discretely behave himselfe with honest mirth and pleasant conceits, that he was every gentlemans companion.

After that Jacke had long led this pleasant life, beeing (though he were but poore) in good estimation, it was his masters chance to die, and his dame to be a widow, who was a very comely auncient woman, and of reasonable wealth. Wherefore she, having a good opinion of her man John, committed unto his government the guiding of all her worke-folkes, for the space of three yeares together; in which time shee found him so carefull and diligent, that all things came forward and prospered wondrous well. No man could intice him from his businesse all the weeke, by all the intreaty they could use: insomuch that in the end some of the wild youths of the towne began to deride and scoff at him.

Doubtlesse, quoth one, I doubt some female spirit hath enchanted Jacke to his treadles, and conjured him within the compasse of his loome, that he can stir no further. You say truth, quoth Jacke, and if you have the leisure to stay til the charme be done, the space of sixe dayes and five nights, you shall find me readie to put on my holy day apparell, and on Sunday morning for your paines, I will give you a pot of ale over against the Maypole. Nay, quoth another, Ile lay my life, that as the salamander cannot live without the fire, so Jacke cannot live without the smel of his dames smoeke.

And I marvell, quoth Jacke, that you, beeing of the nature of the herring (which so soone as he is taken out of the sea, streight dayes), can live so long with your nose out of the pot. Nay, Jacke, leave thy jesting, quoth another, and goe along with us, thou shalt not stay a jot. And because I will not stay nor make you a lyer (quoth Jacke), Ile keepe me here still : and so, farewell.

Thus then they departed, and after they had for halfe a score times, tried him to this intent, and saw he would not be led by their lure, they left him to his owne will. Neverthelesse, every Sunday in the after-noone and every holyday, Jacke would keep them companie; and hee as merrie as a pie, and having stil good store of money in his purse, one or other would ever be borrowing of him, but never could he get pennie of it againe; which when Jacke perceived, hee would never after carry above twelve pence at once in his purse, and that being spent, he would streight returne home merily, taking his leave of the company in this sort.

My masters, I thanke you, tis time to pack home,  
For he that wants money is counted a mome.  
And twelve pence a Sunday being spent in good cheare,  
To fifty-two shillings amounts in the yeare.  
Enough for a craftsman that lives by his hands,  
And he that exceeds it shall purchase no lands.  
For that I spend this day, Ile work harder to morrow,  
For woe is that party that seeketh to borrow.

My money doth make me full merry to be,  
And without my money none careth for me.  
Therefore wanting money, what should I doe heere,  
But haste home, and thanke you for all my good cheere.

Thus was Jacke's good government and discretion noted of the best and substantiallest men of the towne, so that it wrought his great commendation, and his dame thought her selfe not a little blest to have such a servant, that was so obedient unto her, and so carefull for her profit; for shee had never a prentise that yeelded her more obedience than hee did, or was more dutifull; so that by his good example, hee did as much good as by his diligent labour and travaile; which his singular vertue being noted by the widow, shee began to cast very good countenance to her man John, and to use very much talke with him in private; and first by way of communication, she would tell unto him what suters she had, and the great offers they made her, what gifts they sent her, and the great affection they bare her, craving his opinion in the matter.

When Jacke found the favour to be his dame's secretarie, he thought it an extraordinary kindnesse; and ghessing by the yarne it would prove a good web, began to question with his dame in this sort. Although it becommeth not me your servant to prie into your secrets, nor to be busie about matters of your love; yet for so much as it hath pleased you to use conference with me in those causes, I pray you let me intreat you to



know their names that be your sutors, and of what profession they be. Marrie, John (saith shee), that you shall, and I pray thee take a cushion and sit downe by me. Dame (quoth hee) I thank you; but there is no reason I should sit on a cushion till I have deserved it. If thou hast not thou mightest have done, said she: but faint souldiers never find favour. John replied, That makes me indeede to want favour; for I durst not trie maydens, because they seeme coy; nor wives, for feare of their husbands; nor widows, doubting their disdainfulnesse. Tush, John (quoth she), he that feares and doubts womankind cannot be counted mankind: and take this for a principle: all things are not as they seeme. But let us leave this, and proccede to our former matter. My first sutor dwels at Wallingford, by trade a tanner, a man of good wealth, and his name is Craftes, of comely personage, and very good behaviour, a widower, well thought of amongst his neighbours: he hath proper land, a faire house and well furnished, and never a childe in the worlde, and he loves mee passing well. Why then, dame, quoth John, you were best to have him. Is that your opinion, quoth she; now trust me so it is not mine; for I find two speciall reasons to the contrary: the one is, that he being overworne in yeares makes me overloath to love him; and the other that I know one neerer hand.

Beleave me, dame (quoth Jack), I perceiue store is no sore, and profered ware is worse by ten in the hun-

dred than that which is sought ; but I pray ye who is your second sutor. John, quoth she, it may seem immodestly in me to bewray my loves secrets ; yet seeing thy discretion, and being perswaded of thy seeresy, I will shew thee. The other is a man of middle years, but yet a batchelor, by occupation a taylor, dwelling at Hungerford : by report a very good husband, such a one as hath crownes good store, and to me he professes much good will ; for his person he may please any woman. I, dame, quoth John, because he pleaseth you. Not so, said she, for my eies are unpartiall judges in that case : and albeit my opinion may be contrary to others, if his art deceive not my eyesight, he is worthy of a good wife, both for his person and conditions. Then, trust me, dame (quoth John), forsomuch as you are without doubt of your selfe that you will proove a good wife, and so well perswaded of him, I should thinke you could make no better choise. Truly, John (quoth she), there is also two reasons that moove me not to like of him : the one, that being so long a ranger, he would at home be a stranger ; and the other that I like better of one nearer hand. Who is that ? quoth Jacke. Saith she, the third suter is the parson of Spinhorne land, who hath a proper living ; he is of holy conversation and good estimation, whose affection to me is great. No doubt, dame (quoth John), you may do wondrous well with him, where you shall have no care but to serve God, and to

make ready his meate. O! John (quoth she), the flesh and the spirit agrees not; for he will be so bent to his booke, that he will have little minde of bed: for one monethes studying for a sermon, will make him forget his wife a whole yeere. Truly, dame, (quoth John), I must needs speake in his behalfe, and the rather, for that he is a man of the Church, and your neere neighbor, to whom (as I ghesse) you beare the best affection: I doe not thinke that he will be so much bound to his booke, or subject to the spirit, but that he will remember a woman at home or abroad. Well, John (quoth she), I wis my minde is not that way, for I like better of one nearer at hand. No marvell (quoth Jacke), you are so peremptory, seeing you have so much choise; but I pray you, dame (quoth he), let mee know this fortunate man that is so highly placed in your favour. John (quoth shee), they are worthy to know nothing, that cannot keep something; that man (I tell thee) must goe namelesse: for he is lord of my love, and king of my desires: there is neither tanner, taylor, nor parson, may compare with him: his presence is a preservative to my health, his sweete smiles my hearts solace, and his words heavenly musike in my eares. Why, then, dame (quoth John), for your bodies health, your hearts ioy, and your eares delight, delay not the time, but entertaine him with a kisse, make his bed next yours, and chop the match in the morning. Well, quoth she, I perceive thy consent

is quickly got to any, having no care how I am matcht, so I be matcht. I wis, I wis, I could not let thee goe so lightly, being loth that any one should have thee, except I could love her as well as my selfe. I thanke you for your kindnesse and good will, good dame, quoth hee ; but it is not wisdom for a young man that can scantily keepe himselfe to take a wife ; therefore I hold it the best way to lead a single life ; for I have heard say that many sorrowes follow marriage, especially where want remaines ; and besides, it is a hard matter to finde a constant woman : for as young maides are fickle, so are old women jealous : the one a griefe too common, the other a torment intolerable. What, John (quoth she), consider that maidens ficklenesse proceedes of vaine fancies, but old womens jealousy of superabounding love, and therefore the more to be borne withall. But, dame, quoth hee, many are jealous without cause : for is it sufficient for their mistrusting natures to take exceptions at a shadow, at a worde, or a looke, at a smile, nay, at the twinkle of an eye, which neither man nor woman is able to expell. I knew a woman that was readie to hang her selfe, for seeing but her husbands shirt hang on a hedge with her maides smockes. I grant that this furie may haunt some (quoth shee), yet there is many other that complaine not without great cause. Why is there any cause that should move jealousy ? quoth John. I, by S. Mary is there,



quoth she : for would it not grieve a woman (being one every way able to delight her husband) to see him forsake her, despise and contemne her, being never so merry as when he is in other company, sporting abroad from morning till noone, from noone till night ; and when he comes to bed, if he turne to his wife, it is in such sullenesse and wearisome drowsie lamenesse, that it brings rather lothsomenesse than any delight : can you, then, blame a woman in this case to be angrie and displeased ? Ile tell you what, among brute beasts it is a griefe intolerable : for I heard my grandame tell, that the bel-weather of her flocke, fancying one of the cawes above the rest, and seeing Gratis the shepheard abusing her, could by no meanes beare that abuse ; but watching opportunity for revenge, on a time found the said shepheard sleeping in the field, and suddenly ranne against him in such violent sort, that by the force of his wreathed hornes he beat the braines out of the shepheards head and slue him. If, then, a sheepe could not indure that injurie, thinke not that women are so sheepish to suffer it. Beleeve me (quoth John), if every horne-maker should be so plagued by a horned beast, there should be lesse hornes made in Newberie, by many in a yeare. But, dame (quoth he), to make an end of this prattle, because it is an argument too deepe to bee discussed betweene you and I, you shall heare mee sing an old song, and so wee will depart to supper.

A maiden faire I dare not wed,  
For feare to have Acteons head.  
A maiden blacke is often proude,  
A maiden little will be loud.  
A maiden that is high of groath,  
They say, is subject unto sloath.  
Thus faire or foule, yea, little or tall,  
Some faults remaine among them all.  
But of all the faults that be,  
None is so bad as jealousie.  
For jealousie is fierce and fell,  
And burnes as hot as fire in hell :  
It breeds suspicion without cause,  
And breakes the bonds of reason's lawes.  
To none it is a greater foe  
Than unto those where it doth grow.  
And God keepe me both day and night  
From that fell, fond and ugly spright :  
For why of all the plagues that be  
The secret plague is jealousie.  
Therefore I wish all women kind,  
Never to beare a jealous minde.

Well said, John (quoth she), thy song is not so true,  
but thy voyce is as sweete : but seeing the time agrees  
with our stomackes, though loth, yet will we give over  
for this time, and betake our selves to our suppers.  
Then calling the rest of her servants, they fell to their  
meale merrily, and after supper, the goodwife went  
abroade for her recreation, to walke awhile with one  
of her neighbours, and in the meane space John got

him up into his chamber, and there began to meditate on this matter, bethinking with himselfe what he were best to doe: for well he perceived that his dames affection was great towards him: knowing, therefore, the womans disposition, and withall that her estate was reasonable good, and considering beside that he should find a house ready furnished, servants readie taught, and all other things for his trade necessarie, he thought it best not to let slip that good occasion, lest he should never come to the like. But againe, when he considered her yeares to be unfitting to his youth, and that shee that sometime had been his dame, would (perhaps) disdaine to be governed by him that had beene her poore servant, that it would proove but a bad bargaine, doubting many inconveniences that might grow thereby, he therefore resolved to be silent, rather than to proceede further: wherefore he got him streight to bed, and the next morning settled himselfe close to his businesse. His dame comming home, and hearing that her man was gone to bed, tooke that night but small rest, and early in the morning hearing him up at his worke merrily singing, shee by and by arose, and in seemely sort attyring her selfe, shee came into the worke-shop and sat her down to make quilts. Quoth John, good morrow, dame, how doe you to day? God a mercie, John (quoth she), even as well as I may; for I was sore troubled in my dreames; mee thought two doves walked together in a corne field,

the one (as it were) in communication with the other, without regard of pecking up any thing to sustaine themselves ; and after they had with many nods spent some time to their content, they both fell hard, with their prettie bils, to peeke up the scattered corne left by the wearie reapers' hand. At length (finding themselves satisfied) it chanced another pigeon to light in that place, with whom one of the first pigeons at length kept companie ; and after, returning to the place where she left her first companion, perceiving he was not there, she kindly searching up and downe the high stubble to finde him, lighted at length on a hogge fast a-sleep, wherewith, me thought, the poore dove was dismaid, that presently she fell downe in a traunee. I, seeing her legges faile and her wings quiver, yeelding her selfe to death, moved with pittie, ran unto her, and thinking to take up the pigeon, mee thought I had in my hands my owne heart, wherein mee thought an arrow stucke so deepe, that the bloud trickled downe the shaft, and lay upon the feathers like the alder pearled dew on the greene grasse, which made me to weepe most bitterlie ; but presently me thought there came one to me crowned like a queene, who told my heart would die except in time I got some of that sleeping hogges greace to heal the wounds thereof ; whereupon I came in all haste to the hog, with my heart bleeding in my hand, who (me thought) grunted at mee in most churlish sort, and vanisht out of my



sight ; whereupon comming straight home, me thought I found this hog rustling among my loomes, wherewith I presently awaked, suddainely after midnight, beeing all in a sweat and very ill : and I am sure you could not chuse but heare me groane. Trust mee, dame, I heard you not (quoth John), I was so sound a-sleep. And thus (quoth she) a woman may die in the night before you will have the care to see what she ailes, or aske what she lackes ; but truly, John (quoth she), all is one, for if thou shouldest have come, thou couldest not have got in, because my chamber doore was lockt ; but while I live, this shall teach me wit, for henceforth I will have no other locke but a latch, till I am married. Then, dame (quoth he), I perceive though you be curious in your choise, yet at length you will marrie. I, truly (quoth she), so thou wilt not hinder mee. Who ? I ? quoth John ; on my faith, dame, not for a hundred pounds ; but rather will further you to the uttermost of my power. Indeede (quoth she), thou hast no reason to shew any discourtesie to me in that matter, although some of our neighbours doe not sticke to say that I am sure to thee already. If it were so (quoth John), there is no cause to denie it or to be ashamed therof, knowing my selfe farre unworthy of so high a favour. Well, let this talke rest, quoth shee, and take there thy quilts, for it is time for me to goe to market.

Thus the matter rested for two or three dayes, in which space she daily devised which way she might

obtaine her desire, which was to marrie her man ; many things came in her head, and sundrie sleights in her minde, but none of them did fit her fancy, so that she became wondrous sad, and as civill as the nine Sibyls : and in this melancholie humour she continued three weekes or a moneth, till at last it was her lucke upon a Bartholomew day (having a fayre in the towne) to spye her man John give a paire of gloves to a proper maide for a fayring, which the mayden with a bashfull modestie kindly accepted, and requited it with a kisse ; which kindled in her an inward jealousy : but notwithstanding very discretely shee covered it, and closely past along unspied of her man or the maide.

She had not gone farre but she met with one of her sutors, namely, the tayler, who was very fine and briske in his apparell, and needes would bestow the wine upon the widow, and after some faint deniall, meeting with a gossip of hers, to the taverne they went, which was more courtesie than the tayler could ever get of her before, shewing her selfe very pleasant and merrie ; and finding her in such a pleasing humour, the tayler, after a new quart of wine, renewed his olde sute. The widow with patience heard him, and gently answered, that in respect of his great good will long time borne unto her, as also in regard of his gentlenesse, cost and curtesie at that present bestowed, shee would not flatly denie him. Therefore (quoth

shee), seeing this is not a place to conclude of such matters, if I may intreate you to come to my poore house on Thursday next, you shall be heartily welcome, and be further satisfied of my minde : and thus preferred to a touch of her lips, hee payde the shot and departed. The taylor was scant out of sight, when she met with the tanner ; who, albeit he was aged, yet lustily he saluted her, and to the wine she must, there was no nay. The widowe, seeing his importunacie, calles her gossip, and along they walked together. The olde man called for wine plentie, and the best cheere in the house ; and in heartie manner hee bids the widowe welcome. They had not sitten long, but in comes a noyse of musitians in tawnie coates, who (putting off their caps) asked if they would have any musicke. The widow answered no, they were merrie enough. Tut, quoth the olde man, let us heare, good fellowes, what ye can doe, and plaie me the Beginning of the World. Alas ! quoth the widow, you had more need to hearken to the ending of the world. Why, widow, quoth he, I tell thee the beginning of the world was the begetting of children ; and if you find me faultie, send for the sexton. He had no sooner spoke the word, but the parson of Speen with his corner cap popt in at the dore, who, seeing the widow sitting at the table, craved pardon, and came in. Quoth shee, for want of the sexton, heere is the priest if thou neede him. Mary (quoth the tanner), in good time ; for by

this meanes wee need not go farre to be married. Sir, quoth the parson, I shall doe my best in convenient place. Wherein? quoth the tanner. To wed her my selfe, quoth the parson. Nay, soft, sayd the widow, one swallow makes not a sommer, nor one meeting a marriage; as I lighted on you unlookt for, so came I hither unprovided for the purpose. I trust, quoth the tanner, you came not without your eyes to see, your tongue to speak, your eares to heare, your hands to feele, nor your legs to goe. I brought my eyes, quoth she, to discerne colours; my tongue, to say no to questions I like not; my hands, to thrust from me the things that I love not; my eares, to judge twixt flattery and friendship; and my feet, to run from such as would wrong me. Why, then, quoth the parson, by your gentle abiding in this place, it is evident that here are none but such as you like and love. God forbid I should hate my friends (quoth the widow), whom I take all these in this place to be. But there is divers sorts of love, quoth the parson. You say truth, quoth the widow; I love your selfe for your profession, and my friend the tanner for his courtesie and kindnesse, and the rest for their good company. Yet (quoth the parson), for the explaining of your love, I pray you, drinke to him you love best in the companie. Why (quoth the tanner), have you any hope of her love? Beleeve me (saith the parson), as much as another. Why, then, parson, sit down, said



the tanner ; for, you that are equall with me in desire, shal surely be halfe with me in the shot : and so, widow, on Gods name, fulfill the parsons request. Seeing (quoth the widow), you are so pleasantly bent, if my courtesie might not breed contention betweene you, and that I may have your favour to shew my fancie, I will fulfill your request. Quoth the parson, I am pleased howsoever it be. And I, quoth the tanner. Why, then (quoth she), with this cup of claret wine and sugar, I heartily drinke to the minstrels boy. Why, is it he you love best ? quoth the parson. I have reason, said she, to like and love them best that will be least offended with my doings. Nay, widow (quoth they), we meant you should drinke to him whom you loved best in the way of marriage. Quoth the widow, you should have said so at first ; but, to tell you my opinion, it is small discretion for a woman to disclose her secret affection in an open assembly : therefore, if to that purpose you spake, let me intreate you both to come home to my house on Thursday next, where you shall be heartily welcome, and there be fully resolved of my mind : and so with thanks at this time, Ile take my leave. The shot being paid and the musitians pleased, they all departed, the tanner to Wallingford, the parson to Speen, and the widow to her own house ; where in her wonted solemnesse she settled her selfe in her businesse.

Against Thursday, she drest her house fine and

brave, and set her selfe in her best apparell: the taylor, nothing forgetting his promise, sent to the widow a good fat pigge and a goose. The parson, being as mindfull as hee, sent to her house a couple of fat rabbets and a capon; and the tanner came himselfe, and brought a good shoulder of mutton, and half a dozen chickens; beside he brought a good gallon of sacke, and halfe a pound of the best sugar. The widow received this good meate, set her maide to dresse it incontinent, and when dinner time drew neere, the table was covered, and every other thing provided in convenient and comely sort.

At length the guests being come, the widow bade them all heartily welcome. The priest and the tanner, seeing the taylor, mused what he made there; the taylor, on the other side, marvelled as much at their presence. Thus looking strangely one at another, at length the widow came out of the kitchen, in a faire traine gowne stucke full of silver pinnes, a fine white cap on her head, with cuts of curious needle worke under the same, and an apron before her as white as the driven snow: then very modestly making curtesie to them all, shee requested them to sit downe, but they straining curtesie the one with the other, the widow with a smiling countenance tooke the parson by the hand, saying: Sir, as you stand highest in the church, so is it meete you should sit highest at the table, and therefore I pray you sit downe there on the

bench side ; and, sir, said she to the tanner, as age is to be honoured before youth for their experience, so are they to sit above batchelers for their gravitie ; and so she set him downe on this side the table, over against the parson. Then comming to the taylor, she said : Batcheler, though your lot be the last, your welcome is equal with the first ; and seeing your place points out it selfe, I pray you take a cushion and sit downe. And now (quoth shee), to make the boord equall, and because it hath beene an old saying, that three things are to small purpose if the fourth be away ; if so it may stand with your favour, I will call in a gossip of mine to supplie this voide place. With a good will, quoth they. With that, she brought in an olde woman with scant ever a good tooth in her head, and placed her right against the bachelor ; then was the meate brought to the boorde in due order by the widowes servants, her man John being chiefest servitor. The widow sate downe at the tables end betweene the parson and the tanner, who in very good sort carved meate for them all, her man John waiting on the table.

After they had sitten a while and wel refreshed themselves, the widow, taking a crystall glasse filled with claret wine, drunke unto the whole companie, and bade them welcome. The parson pledged her, and so did all the rest in due order ; but still in their companie the cup past over the poore olde womans nose :

insomuch that at length the olde woman (in a merrie veine) spake thus unto the companie : I have had much good meate among you, but as for the drinke, I can nothing commend it. Alas ! good gossip (quoth the widow), I perceive no man hath drunke to thee yet. No, truly, quoth the old woman ; for churchmen have so much mind of young rabbets, old men such joy in young chickens, and batchelors in pigs flesh take such delight, that an old sow, a tough henne, or a gray cony, are not accepted : and so it is seene by me, else I should have been better remembred. Well, olde woman, quoth the parson, take here the leg of a capon to stay thy mouth. Now, by S. Anne, I dare not, quoth she. No ! wherefore ? said the parson. Marrie, for feare lest you should goe home with a cruch, quoth she. The taylor sayd, then taste here a peece of goose. Now, God forbid, sayd the olde woman ; let goose goe to his kinde : you have a young stomacke, eat it your selfe, and much good may it doe your heart, sweete young man. The old woman lacks most of her teeth, quoth the tanner, and therefore a peece of tender chicke is fittest for her. If I did lacke as many of my teeth, quoth the old woman, as you lacke points of good husbandrie, I doubt I should starve before it were long. At this the widow laught heartily, and the men were stricken into such a dumpe, that they had not a word to say. Dinner being ended, the widow with the rest rose from the table, and after they

had sitten a prittie while merrily talking, the widow called her man John to bring her a bowle of fresh ale, which he did. Then said the widow: My masters, now for your courtesie and cost I heartily thanke you all, and in requitall of all your favour, love and good will, I drinke to you, giving you free libertie when you please to depart. At these wordes, her sutors looked so sourely one upon another, as if they had beene newly champing of crabs, which, when the taylor heard, shaking up himselfe in his new russet jerkin, and setting his hat on one side, he began to speake thus. I trust, sweete widow (quoth he), you remember to what end my comming was hither to day. I have long time beene a sutor unto you, and this day you promised to give me a direct answer. Tis true, quoth she, and so I have; for your love I give you thanks, and when you please you may depart. Shall I not have you? said the taylor. Alas! (quoth the widow) you come too late. Good friend (quoth the tanner), it is manners for young men to let their elders be served before them: to what end should I be here if the widow should bade thee; a flat deniall is meete for a saucie suter: but what saiest thou to me, faire widow? (quoth the tanner). Sir, said she, because you are so sharp set, I would wish you as soon as you can to wed. Appoint the time your selfe, quoth the tanner. Even as soon (quoth she) as you can get a wife; and hope not after mee, for I am already pro-



mised. Now, tanner, you may take your place with the taylor, quoth the parson, for indeede the widow is for no man but my selfe. Master parson (quoth she), many have runne neere the goale, and yet lost the game, and I cannot helpe it though your hope be in vaine ; besides, parsons are but newly suffered to have wives, and for my part I will have none of the first head. What (quoth the taylor), is your merriment growne to this reckoning ; I never spent a pig and a goose to so bad a purpose before ; I promise you when I came in I verily thought that you were invited by the widowe to make her and me sure together, and that the jolly tanner was brought to bee a witnesse to the contract, and the olde woman fetcht in for the same purpose : else I would never have put up so many drie bobs at her hands. And surely, quoth the tanner, I knowing thee to be a taylor, did assuredly thinke that thou wast appointed to come and take measure for our wedding apparell. But now we are all deceived, quoth the parson, and therefore as we came fooles, so we may depart hence like asses. That is as you interpret the matter, said the widow ; for I ever doubting that a concluding answer would breed a farce in the end among you every one, I thought it better to be done at one instant, and in mine owne house, than at sundry times and in common tavernes ; and as for the meate you sent, as it was unrequested of mee, so had you your part thereof, and if you thinke

good to take home the remainder, prepare your wallets, and you shall have it. Nay, widow, quoth they, although we have lost our labours, we have not altogether lost our manners; that which you have, keepe, and God send to us better lucke, and to you your hearts desire, and with that they departed.

The widow, being glad she was thus rid of her guests, when her man John with all the rest sate at supper, she sitting in a chaire by, spake thus unto them. Well, my masters, you saw that this day your poore dame had her choise of husbands, if she had listed to marrie, and such as would have loved and maintained her like a woman. Tis true, quoth John, and I pray God you have not withstood your best fortune. Trust me (quoth she), I know not but I have; I may thanke mine owne foolish fancie.

Thus it past on from Bartholomewtide till it was neere Christmas, at what time the weather was so wonderfull colde, that all the running rivers round about the towne were frozen very thicke. The widow, being very loth any longer to lie without companie, in a colde winters night mad a great fire, and sent for her man John: having also prepared a chaire and a cushion, she made him sit downe therein, and sending for a pinte of good sacke, they both went to supper.

In the end bed time comming on, shee caused in a merriment to plucke off his hose and shooes, and caused him to be laide in his masters best bed, stand-

ing in the best chamber, hung round about with very faire curtaines. John, being thus preferred, thought himselfe a gentleman, and lying soft, after his hard labour and a good supper, quickly fell asleepe.

About midnight, the widow being cold on her feet, crept into her mans bed to warm them. John, feeling one lift up the cloathes, asked who was there. Good John, it is I, quoth the widow; the night is so extreme cold, and my chamber walles so thin, that I am like to be starved in my bed; wherefore rather than I would any way hazzard my health, I thought it much better to come hither and trie your curtesie, to have a little roome beside you.

John, being a kinde young man, would not say her nay, and so they spent the rest of the night both together in one bed. In the morning betime she rose up and made her selfe readie, and willed her man John to runne and fetch her a linke with all speede: For, quoth she, I have earnest businesse to doe this morning. Her man did so; which done, shee made him to carrie the linke before her, untill she came to S. Bartholomewes chappel, where sir John the priest with the cleark and sexton stode waiting for her. John, quoth she, turne into the chappell, for before I goe further, I will make my prayers to S. Bartholomew, so shall I speed the better in my businesse. When they were come in, the priest according to his order came to her, and asked where the bridegroom was.

Quoth she, I thought he had beene here before me. Sir (quoth she), I will sit downe and say over my beades, and by that time he will come. John mused at this matter, to see that his dame should so suddenly be married, and he hearing nothing thereof before. The widow rising from her prayers, the priest told her that the bridegroome was not yet come. Is it true? quoth the widow; I promise you I will stay no longer for him, if he were as good as George a Green, and therefore dispatch, quoth shee, and marrie mee to my man John. Why, dame (quoth he), you do but jest, I trowe. John (quoth she), I jest not, for I meane it shall bee; and stand not strangely, but remember that you did promise mee on your faith not to hinder me when I came to the church to be married, but rather to set it forward; therefore set your link aside, and give me your hand, for none but you shall be my husband. John, seeing no remedy, consented, because he saw the matter could not otherwise be amended; and married they were presently. When they were come home, John entertained his dame with a kisse; which the other servants seeing, thought him something saucie. The widow caused the best cheere in the house to be set on the table, and to breakfast they went, causing her new husband to be set in a chaire at the tables end, with a faire napkin laid on his trencher; then shee called out the rest of her servants, willing them to sit downe and take part of their good

cheere. They, wondering to see their fellow John sit at the tables end in their old masters chaire, began heartily to smile, and then openly laughed at the matter, especially because their dame so kindly sate by his side ; which shee perceiving, asked if that were all the manners they could shew before their master : I tell you, quoth she, he is my husband, for this morning wee were married, and therefore hence forward looke you acknowledge your duty towards him. The folks looked one upon another, marvelling at this strange newes, which when John perceived, he said : My masters, muse not at all, for although by God's providence and your dames favour, I am preferred from being your fellow to be your master, I am not thereby so much puffed up in pride, that any way I will forget my former estate ; notwithstanding, seeing I am now to hold the place of a master, it shall be wisdom in you to forget what I was, and to take me as I am ; and in dooing your diligence, you shall have no cause to repent that God made me your master. The servants, hearing this, as also knowing his good government before time, past their yeares with him in dutifull manner.

The next day the report was over all the towne that Jack of Newberie had married his dame, so that when the woman walked abroad every one bad God give her joy ; some said that she was matcht to her sorrow, saying that so lustie a young man as he would never



love her, being so ancient. Whereupon the woman made answer, that shee would take him downe in his wedding shooes, and would trie his patience in the prime of his lustinesse : whereunto many of her gossips did likewise encourage her. Every day, therefore, for the space of a moneth after shee was married, it was her ordinarie custome to goe forth in the morning among her gossips and acquaintance to make merrie, and not to returne home till night, without any regarde of her household, of which, at her comming home, her husband did very oftentimes admonish her in very gentle sort, shewing what great inconvenience would grow thereby : the which sometime shee would take in gentle part, and sometime in disdaine, saying :

I am now in very good case, that he which was my servant but the other day will now be my master ; this it is for a woman to make her foote her head. The day hath beene when I might have gone forth when I would, and come in againe when it had pleased me, without controlement ; and now I must bee subject to every Jackes checke. I am sure (quoth shee) that by my gadding abroad and carelesse spending I waste no goods of thine. I, pitying thy povertie, made thee a man and master of the house, but not to the end I would become thy slave. I scorne, I tell thee true, that such a youngling as thy selfe should correct my conceit and give mee instructions, as if I were not able to guide my selfe ; but yfaith, yfaith, you shall

not use me like a babe, nor bridle me like an asse : and seeing my going abroad grieves thee, where I have gone forth one day I will goe abroad three, and for one houre I will stay five. Well (quoth her husband), I trust you will be better advised : and with that he went from her about his businesse, leaving her sweating in her fustian furies.

Thus the time past on, till on a certaine day she had beene abroad in her wonted manner and staying forth very late, he shut the doores and went to bed. About midnight she comes to the doore and knocks to come in : to whom he, looking out of the window, answered in this sort.

What, is it you that keepe such a knocking ? I pray you get hence, and request the constable to provide you a bed, for this night you shall have no lodging heere. I hope, quoth she, you will not shut me out of doores like a dogge, or let me lie in the streetes like a strumpet. Whether like a dogge or drab, quoth hee, all is one to me, knowing no reason but that as you have stayed out all day for your delight, so you may lie foorth all night for my pleasure ; both birdes and beastes, at the nights approach, prepare to their rest, and observe a convenient time to returne to their habitation ; looke but upon the poore spider, the frogge, the flie, and every other silly worme, and you shall see all these observe time to returne to their homes ; and if you, being a woman, will not doe the like, content

your selfe to beare the brunt of your owne folly, and so farewell.

The woman, hearing this, made piteous moane, and in very humble sort intreated him to let her in, and to pardon this offence, and while she lived vowed never to do the like. Her husband at length beeing moved with pitie towards her, slipt on his shooes, and came downe in his shirt: the doore being opened, in she went quaking, and as hee was about to locke it againe, in very sorrowfull manner she said: Alacke, husband, what hap have I, my wedding ring was even now in my hand, and I have let it fall about the doore; good sweete John, come forth with the candle, and help me to seeke it. The man incontinent did so, and while he sought for that which was not there to be found, she whipt into the house, and quickeley clapping to the doore, she lockt her husband out: he stood calling with the candle in his hand to come in, but shee made as if she heard not. Anon shee went up into her chamber, and carried the key with her; but when hee saw she would not answer, hee presently began to knock as loud as he could at the doore. At last, she thrust her head out at the window, saying: Who is there? Tis I, quoth John; what meane you by this? I pray you come downe and open the doore that I may come in.

What, sir, quoth shee, is it you? Have you nothing to doe but dāunce about the streetes at this time of

night, and like a spirit of the Butterie hunt after crickets? Are you so hote that the house cannot hold you? Nay, I pray thee, sweet heart, quoth he, do not gybe any longer, but let me in. O, sir, remember, quoth she, how you stood even now at the window, like a judge on the bench, and in taunting sort, kept me out of my owne house. How now, Jacke, am I even with you? What, John, my man, were you so lustie to locke your dame out of doores? Sirra, remember you bad me goe to the constable to get lodging, now you have leysure to try if his wife will preferre you to a bed, you, sir sawce, that made me stand in the colde till my feete did freeze, and my teeth chatter, while you stood preaching of birds and beasts; telling me a tale of spiders, flies, and frogges: goe trie now if any of them will be so friendly to let the have lodging. Why go you not, man? Feare not to speake with them; for I am sure you shall finde them at home: thinke not they are such ill husbands as you, to be abroad at this time of night.

With this, John's patience was greatly moved, inso-much that he deepely swore that if she would not let him in, hee would breake downe the doore. Why, John, quoth shee, you neede not be so hote, your clothing is not so warme; and because I thinke this will be a warning unto ye against another time, how you shut me out of my house, catch, there is the key; come in at thy pleasure, and looke thou goe to bed to

thy fellowes, for with me thou shalt not lie to night. With that, shee clapt too the casement, and got her to bed, locking the chamber doore fast. Her husband, that knew it was in vaine to seeke to come into her chamber, and beeing no longer able to endure the cold, got him a place among his prentizes, and there slept soundly. In the morning his wife sore rose betime, and merrily made him a cawdle, and bringing it up to his bed, asked him how he did.

Quoth John, Troubled with a shrew, who the longer shee lives the worse shee is : and as the people of Illyris kill men with their lookes, so shee kills her husbands heart with untoward conditions. But trust me, wife, quoth hee, seeing I finde you of such crooked qualities, that (like the spider) ye turne the sweete flowers of good counsell into venemous poyson, from henceforth I will leave you to your owne wilfulnes, and neither vex my minde, nor trouble my self to restraine you : the which if I had wisely done last night, I had kept the house in quiet, and my selfe from cold. Husband (quoth shee), thinke that women are like starlings, that will burst their gall before they will yeelde to the fowler : or like the fish scolopendra, that cannot be touched without danger notwithstanding : as the hard steele doth yeelde to the hammers stroke, being used to his kind, so will women in their husbands, where these are not too much curst : and seeing ye have sworne to give me my will, I vow like-



wise that my wilfulnesse shall not offend you. I tell you, husband, the noble nature of women is such, that for their loving friends they will not sticke (like the pellican) to pierce their owne hearts to do them good : and therefore forgiving each other all injuries past, having also tride one anothers patience, let us quench these burning coales of contention with the sweete juice of a faithfull kisse, and shaking hands, bequeath all anger to the eating up of this cawdle. Her husband courteouslie consented : and after this time, they lived long together, in most goodly, loving and kind sort, till in the end she dyed, leaving her husband wondrous wealthie.

## CHAP. II.

Of Jacke of Newberie, his great wealth and number of servants ; and also how he brought the Queene Katherine two hundred and fiftie men, prepared for the warre at his owne cost, against the King of Scots at Flodden field.



OW Jacke of Newberie being a widower, had the choice of many wives, mens daughters of good credit and widowes of great wealth. Notwithstanding, he bent his onely like to one of his owne servants, whom he had tried in the guiding of his house a yeere or two ;

and knowing her to be carefull in her business, faithful in her dealings, and an excellent good huswife, thought it better to have her with nothing, than some other with much treasure ; and beside, as her qualities were good, so was she of very comely personage, of a sweete favour, and faire complexion. In the end, he opened his minde unto her, and craved her good will. The maid (though shee tooke this motion kindly) said she would do nothing without consent of her parents. Whereupon a letter was writ to her father, being a poore man dwelling at Alisburie in Buckinghamshire : who being joyfull of his daughters good fortune speedily came to Newberie, where of her master he was friendly entertained : who, after he had made him good cheare, shewed him all his servants at worke, and every office in his house.

Within one roome, being large and long,  
There stood two hundred loomes full strong.  
Two hundred men, the truth is so,  
Wrought in these loomes all in a row.  
By every one a prettie boy  
Sate making quilts with mickle joy ;  
And in another place hard by,  
An hundred women merrily  
Were carding hard with joyfull cheere,  
Who singing sat with voyces cleere.  
And in a chamber close beside,  
Two hundred maydens did abide.  
In peticoats of stammel red,

And milke-white kerchers on their head ;  
Their smocke sleeves like to winter snow  
That on the westerne mountaines flow,  
And each sleeve with a silken band  
Was featly tied at the hand ;  
These prettie maids did never lin,  
But in that place all day did spin ;  
And spinning so with voyces meet,  
Like nightingales, they sung full sweet.  
Then to another loome came they,  
Where children were in poore array,  
And every one sat picking woll,  
The finest from the course to cull.  
The number was seven score and ten,  
The children of poore silly men.  
And these, their labours to requite,  
Had every one a penny at night,  
Beside their meate and drink all day,  
Which was to them a wondrous stay.  
Within another place likewise,  
Full fiftie proper men he spies ;  
And these were shearemen every one,  
Whose skill and cunning there was showne.  
And hard by them there did remaine  
Full foure score rowers taking paine.  
A dye-house likewise had he then,  
Wherein he kept full fortie men ;  
And likewise in his fulling mill,  
Full twenty persons kept he still.  
Each weeke ten good fat oxen he  
Spent in his house for certaintie,  
Beside good butter, cheese and fish,

And many an other holesome dish.  
He kept a butcher all the yeere,  
A brewer eke for ale and beere.  
A baker for to bake his bread,  
Which stood his houshold in good stead.  
Five cookes within his kitchin great,  
Were all the yeare to dresse his meat.  
Sixe scullion boyes unto their hands,  
To make cleane dishes, pots and pans.  
Beside poore children that did stay  
To turne the broaches every day.

The old man that did see this sight  
Was much amaz'd as well he might.  
This was a gallant cloathier sure,  
Whose fame for ever shall endure.

When the old man had scene this great houshold and familie, then he was brought into the warehouses, some being filled with wooll, some with flockes, some with woad and madder, and some with broad cloathes and kersies readie dyed and drest, beside a great number of others, some stretcht on the tenters, some hanging on poles, and a great many more lying wet in other places. Sir (quoth the old man), I wis che zee you be bomitable rich, and cham content you shall have my daughter, and Gods blessing and mine light on you both.

But, father (quoth Jacke of Newberie), what will you bestow with her? Marry, heare you (quoth the old man), I vaith cham but a poore man, but I thong

God, cham of good exclamation among my neighbours, and they will as zoone take my vice for any thing as a richer mans : thicke I will bestow ; you shall have with a good will, because che heare very good condemnation of you in every place, therefore chil give you twentie nobles and a weaning calfe, and when I die and my wife, you shall have the revelation of all my goods.

When Jacke heard his offer, he was straight content, making more reckoning of the womans modestie than her fathers money ; so the marriage day being appointed, all things was prepared meete for the wedding, and royall cheere ordained ; most of the lords, knights, and gentlemen thereabout were invited thereunto : the bride being attyred in a gowne of sheepes russet, and a kertle of fine woosted, her head attyred with a billiment of gold, and her haire as yellow as gold hanging downe behinde her, which was curiously combed and pleated, according to the manner in those dayes. Shee was led to church betweene two sweete boyes with bride laeces and rosemary tied about their silken sleeves ; the one of them was sonne to Sir Thomas Parry, the other to Sir Francis Hungerford ; then was there a faire bride cup of silver and gilt carried before her, wherein was a goodly braunch of rosemarie gilded very faire, hung about with silken ribonds of all colours ; next was there a noyse of musitians that played all the way before her ; after her came all the cheefest



maydens of the countrie, some bearing great bride cakes, and some garlands of wheate finely gilded, and so she past unto the church.

It is needlesse for mee to make any mention heere of the bridegroome, who being a man so well beloved wanted no companie, and those of the best sort, beside divers merchant strangers of the Stilyard, that came from London to the wedding. The marriage being solemnized, home they came in order as before, and to dinner they went, where was no want of good cheare, no lack of melodie. Rennish wine at this wedding was as plentifull as beere or ale, for the merchants had sent thither ten tunnes of the best in the Stilyard.

This wedding endured ten dayes, to the great reliefe of the poore that dwelt all about, and in the end the brides father and mother came to pay their daughters portion : which, when the bridegroome had received, hee gave them great thanks : notwithstanding, hee would not suffer them yet to depart, and against they should goe home, their sonne in law came unto them, saying : Father and mother, all the thanks that my poore heart can yeeld, I give you for your good will, cost and courtesie ; and while I live make bold to use me in any thing that I am able, and in requitall of the gift you gave mee with your daughter, I give you here twentie pound to bestow as you finde occasion ; and for your losse of time, and charges riding up and downe, I give you heere as much broadcloath as shall

make you a cloake, and my mother a holiday gowne, and when this is worne out, come to me and fetch more.

O, my good sonne (quoth the olde woman), Christ benizon be with thee evermore, for to tell thee true, we had zold all our kine to make money for my daughters marriage, and this zeaven yeare we should not have bin able to buy more : notwithstanding we should have zold all that ever wee had before my poore wench should have lost her marriage. I (quoth the old man) chud have zold my coate from my back and my bed from under mee, before my girle should have gone without you. I thanke you, good father and mother, said the bride ; and I pray God long to keepe you in health. Then the bride kneeled downe and did her dutie to her parents, who weeping for very joy departed.

Not long after this, it chaunced while our noble king was making warre in France, that James king of Scotland, falsly breaking his oath, invaded England with a great armie, and did much hurt upon the borders : whereupon on the sodaine every man was appointed according to his abilitie to be readie with his men and furniture, at an houres warning on paine of death. Jacke of Newberie was commaunded by the justice to set out sixe men, foure armed with pikes, and two calivers, and to meet the queene in Buckinghamshire, who was there raising a great power to goe against the faithlesse king of Scots.

When Jacke had received this charge, he came home in all hast, and cut out a whole broadcloth for horsemens coats, and so much more as would make up coates for the number of a hundred men ; in short time he had made readie fiftie tall men, well mounted, in white coates and red caps with yellow feathers, demilances in their hands ; and fiftie armed men on foote with pikes ; and fiftie in white coates also, every man so expert in the handling of his weapon as few better were found in the field ; himselfe likewise, in compleat armour, on a goodly barbed horse, rod foremost of the company, with a lance in his hand and a faire plume of yellow feathers in his crest, and in this sort he came before the justices, who at the first approach did not a little wonder what he should be.

At length, when he had discovered what he was, the justices and most of the gentlemen gave him great commendations for this his good and forward minde shewed in this action : but some other envying heerat, gave out words that he shewed himselfe more prodigal than prudent, and more vaine glorious than well advised, seeing that the best nobleman in the countrey would scarce have done so much. And no marvell (quoth they), for such a one would call to his remembrance that the king had often occasions to urge his subjects to such charges, and therefore would doe at one time as they might be able to doe at another : but Jacke of Newberie, like the storke in the spring time,

thinks the highest cedar too low for him to build his nest in, and ere the yeare be halfe done, may be glad to have his bed in a bush.

These disdainfull speeches being at last brought to Jacke of Newberie's eare, though it greeved him much, yet patiently put them up till time convenient. Within a while after, all the souldiers of Barkshire, Hampshire, and Wiltshire, were commanded to shew themselves before the queene at Stonny Stratford, where her grace, with many lords, knights and gentlemen, were assembled, with ten thousand men. Against Jacke should goe to the queene, hee caused his face to be smeared with bloud, and his white coate in like manner.

When they were come before her highnesse, she demanded (above all the rest) what those wite coates were. Whereupon Sir Henry Englefield (who had the leading of the Barkshire men), made answer: May it please your majestie to understand, that he which rideth formost there is called Jacke of Newberie, and all those gallant men in white are his owne servants, who are maintained all the yeare by him, whom he at his owne cost hath set out in this time of extremitie to serve the king against his vantage foe; and I assure your majesty there is not, for the number, better souldiers in the field.

Good Sir Henry (quoth the queene), bring the man to mee that I may see him, which was done accord-

ingly. Then Jacke with all his men alighted, and humbly on their knees fell before the queene. Her grace said : Gentlemen, arise ; and putting forth her lillie white hand, gave it him to kisse. Most gracious queene, quoth hee, gentleman am I none, nor the sonne of a gentleman, but a poore clothier, whose lands are his lomes, having no other rents but what I get from the backs of little sheepe, nor can I claime any cognisance but a wooden shuttle ; neverthesse, most gracious queene, these my poore servants and my selfe, with life and goods, are readie at your majesties command, not onely to spend our blouds, but also to lose our lives in defence of our king and countrey.

Welcome to mee, Jacke of Newberie, said the queene ; though a clothier by trade, yet a gentleman by condition, and a faithfull subject in heart ; and if thou chance to have any sute in court, make account the queene will be thy friend, and would to God the king had many such clothiers ; but tell mee how came thy white coate besmeared with bloud, and thy face to be scratcht ? May it please your grace (quoth he) to understand, that it was my chance to meete with a monster, who, like the people Cynomolgi, had the proportion of a man but headed like a dogge, the biting of whose teeth was like the poysoned teeth of a crocodile, his breath like the basilisks, killing a farre off. I understand his name was Envie, who assailed mee invisibly, like the wicked spirit of Mogunec, who flung



stones at men, and could not bee seene : and so I came by my seracht face, not knowing when it was done. What was the cause this monster should afflict thee above the rest of thy company, no other men in the field ? Although, most sovereigne queene, quoth hee, this poysoned curre snarleth at many, and that few can escape the hurt of his wounding breath, yet at this time hee bent his force against mee, not for any hurt I did him, but because I surpast him in heartie affection to my sovereigne lord, and the poore widow offered all I had to serve my prince and country. It were happie for England, sayd the queene, if in everie market towne there were a jybbet to hang up cures of that kind, who, like Æsops dogge lying in the manger, will doe no good himselfe nor suffer such as would doe any.

This speech being ended, the queene caused her army to be set in order, and in warlike manner to march toward Flodden, where king James had pitcht his field, but as they passed along with drum and trumpet, there came a post from the valiant earle of Surrey, with tydings to her grace that now shee might dismisse her army, for that it had pleased God to grant the noble earle victorie over the Scots, whom he had by his wisdom and valiancie vanquisht in fight, and slayne their king in battel ; upon which newes her majestie discharged her forces, and joyfully tooke her

journey to London with a pleasant countenance, praying God for her famous victorie, and yeelding thanks to all the noble gentlemen and souldiers for their readinesse in the action, giving many gifts to the nobilitie, and great rewards to the souldiers, among whom she nothing forgot Jacke of Newberie, about whose necke she put a rich chaine of gold, at what time he with all the rest gave a great shout, saying : God save Katharine, the noble queene of England ! Many noble men of Scotland were taken prisoners at this battel, and many more slaine, so that there never came a greater foyle to Scotland than this : for you shall understand that the Scottish king made full account to be lord of this land, watching opportunitie to bring to passe his faithlesse and trayterous practice : which was when our king was in France, at Turney, and Turcoin, in regard of which warres the Scots vaunted there was none left in England but beards and ploughmen, who were not able to lead an army, having no skill in martiall affaires. In consideration of which advantage, he invaded the countrey, boasting of historie before he had wonne, which was no small griefe to queene Margaret his wife, who was eldest sister to our noble king ; wherefore in disgrace of the Scots, and in remembrance of the famous atchieved historie, the commons of England made this song : which to this day is not forgotten of many.

*The Song.*

King Jamie hath made a vow,  
Keepe it well if he may,  
That he will be at lovely London  
Upon Saint James his day.

Upon Saint James his day at noone  
At faire London will I be,  
And all the lords in merrie Scotland  
They shall dine there with me.

Then he spake good queene Margaret,  
The teares fell from her eye:  
Leave off these warres, most noble king,  
Keepe your fidelitie;

The water runnes swift and wondrous deepe  
From bottome unto the brimme,  
My brother Henry hath men good enough,  
England is hard to winne.

Away (quoth he) with this silly foole,  
In prison fast let her lie.  
For she is come of the English bloud,  
And for these words she shall dye.

With that bespake Lord Thomas Howard,  
The queenes chamberlaine that day:  
If that you put queene Margaret to death,  
Scotland shall rue it alway.

Then in a rage king Jamie did say,  
Away with this foolish mome.  
He shall be hanged, and the other be burned,  
So soone as I come home.

At Flodden Field the Scots came in,  
Which made our English men faine.  
At Bramstone Greene this battaile was secne,  
There was king Jamie slaine.

Then presently the Scots did fie,  
Their cannons they left behind,  
Their ensignes gay were won all away,  
Our souldiers did beate them blinde.

To tell you plaine, twelve thousand were slaine  
That to the fight did stand ;  
And many prisoners tooke that day,  
The best in all Scotland.

That day made many fatherlesse child,  
And many a widow poore,  
And many a Scottish gay lady  
Sate weeping in her bower.

Jacke with a feather was lapt all in leather,  
His boastings were all in vaine.  
He had such a chance with a new morrice dance,  
He never went home againe.

## CHAP. III.

How Jacke of Newberie went to receive the king as hee went a progresse into Barkeshire, and how he made him a banquet in his owne house.

**A**BOUT the tenth yeare of the kings reign, his grace made his progresse into Barkeshire, against which time Jacke of Newbery cloathed 30. tall fellowes, being his household servants, in blew coates faced with saracenet, every one having a good sword and buckler on his shoulder; himselfe in a plaine russet coat, a paire of white kersie breeches without welt or gard, and stockings of the same peece sewed to his slops, which had a great codpeece whereon he stuck his pinnes; who, knowing the king would come over a certaine meadow, neere adjoyning to the towne, got himselfe thither with all his men, and repairing to a certaine ant-hill which was in the field, tooke up his seate there, causing his men to stand round about the same with their swords drawne.

The king, comming neere the place with the rest of his nobilitie, and seeing them stand with their drawne weapons, sent to know the cause. Garret king at armes was the messenger, who spake in this sort. Good-fellow, so the kings majestic would know to what end



you stand heere with swords and bucklers prepared to fight. With that, Jacke of Newberie started up and made this answer : Harrold (quoth he), returne to his highnesse it is poore Jacke of Newberie, who being scant marquesse of a mole hill, is chosen prince of ants ; and heere I stand with my weapons and guard about me to defend and keepe these my poore and painfull subjects from the force of the idle butterflyes, their sworne enemies, lest they should disturbe this quiet common-wealth, who this summer season are making their winters provision.

The messenger returning, told his grace that it was one Jacke of Newberie that stood there with his men about him to guard (as they say) a company of ants - from the furious wrath of the prince of butterflies. With this newes the king heartily laught, saying, Indeede it is no marvell hee stand so well prepared, considering what a terrible tyrant he hath to deale withall. Certainly, my lords (quoth hee), this seemes to be a pleasant fellow, and therefore we will send to talke with him.

The messenger being sent, told Jacke he must come speake with the king. Quoth he, his grace hath a horse, and I am on foote, therefore will him to come to me ; beside that, while I am away, our enemies might come and put my people in hazzard, as the Scots did England while our king was in France. How dares the lambe be so bolde with the lyon, quoth the herald.

Why, quoth hee, if there be a lyon in the field, here is never a cocke to feare him ; and tell his majestie he might thinke me a very bad govenour that would walke aside upon pleasure, and leade my people in perill. Herald (quoth he), it is written, He that hath a charge must looke to it ; and so tell thy lord my king. The message being done, the king said : My lords, seeing it will be no other, we will ride up to the emperour of ants, that is so carefull in his government at the kings approach. Jacke of Newberie and his servants put up all their weapons, and with a joyfull cry flung up their caps in token of victorie. Why, how now, my masters (quoth the king), is your wars ended ? let me see where is the lord generall of this great campe. With that, Jacke of Newberie with all his servants fell on their knees, saying : God save the king of England, whose sight hath put my foes to flight, and brought great peace to the poore labouring people. Trust me (quoth our king), here be prettie fellowes to fight against butterflies ; I must commend your courage that dares withstand such mightie gyants. Most dread sovereigne (quoth Jacke), not long agoe in my conceit I saw the most provident nation of the ants summoned their chiefe peeres to a parliament, which was helde in the famous citie Dry Dusty, the one and thirtieth day of September ; where as, by their wisdomes I was chose their king, at what time also many billes of complaint were brought in against

divers ill members in the common-wealth: among whom the mole was attaynted of high treason to their state, and therefore was banished for ever from their quiet kingdome: so was the grashopper and the caterpillar, because they were not onely idle, but also lived upon the labours of other men: amongst the rest, the butterflie was very much misliked, but few durst say any thing to him because of his golden apparell: who through sufferance grew so ambitious and malapert, that the poore ant could no sooner get an egge into her nest but he would have it away, and especially against Easter, which at length was misliked. This painted asse tooke snuffe in the nose, and assembled a great many other of his owne coate, by windie warres to roote these painefull people out of the land, that he himselfe might be seated above them all. (These were proud butterflies, quoth the king.) Whereupon I with my men (quoth Jacke) prepared ourselves to withstand them till such time as your majesties royall presence put them to flight.

Tush (said the king), thou must thinke that the force of flies is not great. Notwithstanding (quoth Jacke), their gay gownes make poore men afraid. I perceive (quoth Cardinal Wolsey) that you being king of ants, do carry a great grudge to the butterflies. I (quoth Jacke) we be as great foes as the foxe and the snake are friends, for the one of them being subtile, loves the other for his craft: but now I intend to be

no longer a prince, because the majestie of a king hath eclipt my glory : so that looking like the peacocke on my blacke feete, makes me abase my vaine glorious feathers, and humbly I yeeld unto his majestie all my soveraigne rule and dignitie, both of life and goods, casting my weapons at his feete, to doe any service therein his grace shall command me. God a mercy, good Jack (quoth the king), I have often heard of thee, and this morning I mean to visit thy house.

Thus the king with great delight rode along untill hee came to the townes end, where a great multitude of people attended to see his majestie : where also queene Katherine with all her traine met him. Thus with great rejoycing of the commons, the king and queene passed along to this jolly clothiers house, where the good wife of the house, with threescore maidens attending on her, presented the king with a bee-hive, most richly gilt with gold, and all the bees therein were also gold, curiously made by art, and out of the top of the same hive sprung a flourishing greene tree which bore golden apples, and at the roote thereof lay divers serpents seeking to destroy it, whom Providence and Fortitude trode under their feete, holding this inscription in their hands.

Loe here presented to your royall sight,

The figure of a flourishing common-wealth ;

Where vertuous subjects labour with delight,

And beat the drones to death which live by stealth.

Ambition, envie, treason, loathsome serpents be,  
Which seeke the downefall of this fruitfull tree.

But Lady Prudence, with deepe searching eye,

    Their ill intended purpose doth prevent;

And noble fortitude standing alwaies ny,

    Disperst their power prepar'd with bade intent.

Thus they are foiled that mount by meanes unmeet,

And so, like slaves, are trodden under feet.

The king favourably accepted this embleme, and receiving it at the womans hands, willed Cardinal Wolsey to look thereon, commanding it should be sent to Windsor castle. This cardinall was at that time lord chancellor of England, and a wonderfull proude prelate, by whose meanes great variance was set betwixt the king of England and the French king, the emperour of Almaine, and divers other princes of Christendome; thereby the trafficke of those merchants was utterly forbidden, which bred a generall woe through England, especially among clothiers; insomuch that having no sale for their cloth, they were faine to put away many of their people which wrought for them, as hereafter more at large be declared.

Then was his majestic brought into a great hall, where foure long tables stood readie covered: and passing through that place, the king and queene came into a faire and large parlour hung about with goodly tapistrie, where was a table prepared for his highnesse and the queenes grace; all the floore where the king



sate was covered with broad clothes in stead of greene rushes ; these were choise peeces of the finest wooll, of an azure colour, valued at an hundred pound a cloath, which afterward was given to his majestie. The king being set with the chiefest of his counceill about him, after a delicate dinner, a sumptous banquet was brought in served all in glasse : the description whereof were too long for me to write and you to reade. The great hall was also filled with lords and knights and gentlemen, who were attended by no other but the servants of the house ; the ladies of honour and gentlewomen of the court were all seated in another parlour by themselves, at whose table the maidens of the house did waite in decent sort, the serving-men by themselves, and the pages and footmen by themselves, upon whom the prentizes did attend most diligently. During the kings abiding in this place there was no want of delicates : Rhenish wine, claret wine, and sacke, was as plentifull as small ale. Then from the highest to the lowest they were served in such sort as no discontent was found any way, so that great commendations redounded unto the good-man of the house. The lord cardinall, that of late found himselfe gall'd by the allegrie of the ants, spake in this wise to the king. If it should please your highnesse (quoth he) but to note the vaine glorie of these artificers, you should find no small cause of dislike in many of their actions : for an instance, the fellow of this house, he

hath not stocke this day to undoe himselfe, onely to become famous by receiving of your majestie : like Herostratus, the shoemaker, that burned the temple of Diana only to get himself a name ; more than for any affection he bears to your grace, as may well be proved by this : Let there be had a simple subsidie levied upon them for the assistance of your highnesse warres or any other weightie affaires of the commonwealth and state of the realme, though it be not the twentieth part of their substance, they will so grudge and repine, that it is wonderfull ; and like people desperate, cry out, they be quite undone. My lord cardinall, quoth the queene (under correction of my lord the king), I durst lay an hundred pound Jacke of Newberie was never of that minde, nor is not at this instant. If ye aske him I warrant he will say so. My selfe also had a prooffe thereof at the Scottish invasion, at what time this man, being feaffed but at sixe men, brought (at his owne cost) an hundred and fiftie into the field. I would I had moe such subjects, said the king ; and many of so good a minde. Ho, ho, Harry (quoth Will Sommers), then had not Empson and Dudley been chronieled for knaves, nor sent to the tower for treason. But then they had not knowne the paine of imprisonment, quoth our king, who, with their subtiltie grieved many others. But their subtilities was such that it brake their necks, quoth Will Sommers. Whereat the king and queene, laughing heartily, rose from the table ;

by which time Jacke of Newberie had caused all his folkes to goe to their worke, that his grace and all the nobilitie might see it: so indeed the queen had requested. Then came his highnesse, where he saw an hundred loomes standing in one roome, and two men working in every one, who pleasantly sung in this sort.

*The Weavers Song.*

When Hercules did use to spin,  
And Pallas wrought upon the loome,  
Our trade to flourish did begin,  
While conscience went not selling broome.  
Then love and friendship did agree  
To keepe the band of amitie.

When princes sonnes kept sheep in field,  
And queenes made cakes of wheaten flower,  
Then men to lucre did not yeeld,  
Which brought good cheare in everie bower.  
Then love and friendship did agree  
To hold the bands of amitie.

But when that giants, huge and hie,  
Did fight with speares like weavers beames,  
Then they in iron beds did lie,  
And brought poore men to hard extreames.  
Yet love and friendship did agree  
To hold the bands of amitie.

Ther David tooke his sling and stone,  
Not fearing great Goliahs strength,

He pearc't his braines and broke the bone,  
Though he were fiftie foote of length.  
For love and friendship, &c.

But while the Greekes besieged Troy,  
Penelope apace did spin,  
And weavers wrought with mickle joy,  
Though little gaines were comming in.  
For love and friendship, &c.

Had Helen then sate carding wooll,  
(Whose beauteous face did breed such strife)  
Shee had not beene sir Paris trull,  
Nor caus'd so many lose their life.  
Yet we by love did still agree, &c.

Or had king Priams wanton sonne  
Beene making quills with sweet content,  
He had not then his friends undone  
When he to Greece a gadding went.  
For love and friendship did agree, &c.

The cedar trees indure more stormes  
Than little shrubbs that sprout on hie,  
The weavers live more voyd of harmes  
Than princes of great dignitie.  
While love and friendship doth agree, &c.

The shepheard sitting in the field  
Doth tune his pipe with hearts delight,  
When princes watch with speare and shield,  
The poore man soundly sleepes all night.  
While love and friendship doth agree, &c.

Yet this by prooffe is daily tride,  
For Gods good gifts we are ingrate,  
And no man through the world so wide  
Lives well contented with his state.  
No love and friendship we can see  
To hold the bands of amitie.

Well sung, good fellowes, said our king; light hearts and merrie mindes live long without gray haire. But (quoth Will Sommers) seldome without red noses. Well, said the king, there is a hundred angels to make good cheare withall, and look that every yeare once you make a feast among your selves, and frankly (every yeare) I give you leave to fetch four buckes out of Dunington Parke, without any mans let or controulement. O, I beseech your grace (quoth Will Sommers), let it be with a condition. What is that? said our king. My liege, quoth hee, that although the keeper will have the skins that they may give their wives the hornes. Goe to, said the queene; thy head is fuller of knaverie than thy purse is of crounes.

The poore workmen humbly thanked his majestie for his bountifull liberalitie: and ever since it hath beene a custome among the weavers, every yeare presently after Bartholomewtide, in remembrance of the kings favour, to meete together and make a merrie feast. His majestie came next among the spinners and carders, who were merrily a working: whereat Will Sommers fell into a great laughter. What ayles



the foole to laugh? sayd the king. Marrie (quoth Will Sommers) to see these maidens get their living as buls doe eate their meate. How is that? said the queene. By going still backward, quoth Will Sommers; and I will lay a wager, that they that practise so well being maides to goe backward will quickly learne ere long to fall backward.

But, sirra, said the cardinall, thou didst fall forward when thou brokest thy face in master Kingsmiles cellar. But you, my lord, sate forward (quoth Will Sommers) when you sate in the stocks at Sir Amias Paulets. Whereat there was greater laughing than before. The king and queene and all the nobilitie heedefully beheld these women, who for the most part were very faire and comely creatures, and were all attired alike from top to toe: then (after due reverence) the maidens in dulcet manner chaunted out this song, two of them singing the dittie, and all the rest bearing the burden.

*The Maidens Song.*

It was a knight in Scotland borne,  
Follow my love, come over the strand,  
Was taken prisoner and left forlorne  
Even by the good earle of Northumberland.

Then was he cast in prison strong,  
Follow my love, leape over the strand,  
Where he could not walke nor lie along,  
Even by the goode earle of Northumberland.

And as in sorrow thus he lay,  
Follow my love, come over the strand,  
The carles sweete daughter walkt that way,  
And she the faire flower of Northumberland.

And passing by, like an angell bright,  
Follow my love, come over the strand,  
This prisoner had of her a sight,  
And she the faire flower of Northumberland.

And loud to her this knight did crie,  
Follow my love, come over the strand,  
The salt teares standing in his eye,  
And she the faire flower of Northumberland.

Faire lady, he said, take pity on me,  
Follow my love, come over the strand,  
And let me not in prison dye,  
And you the faire flower of Northumberland.

Faire sir, how should I take pity on thee,  
Follow my love, come over the strand,  
Thou being a foe to our countrey,  
And I the faire flower of Northumberland?

Faire lady, I am no foe, he said,  
Follow my love, come over the strand,  
Through thy sweet love heere was I stayd,  
For thee, the faire flower of Northumberland?

Why shouldst thou come heere for love of me,  
Follow my love, come over the strand,  
Having wife and children in the countrie,  
And I the faire flower of Northumberland?

I sweare by the blessed Trinitie,  
Follow my love, come over the strand,  
I have no wife nor children I,  
Nor dwelling at home in merrie Scotland.

If curteously you will set me free,  
Follow my love, come over the strand,  
I vow that I will marrie thee  
So soone as I come in faire Scotland.

Thou shalt be a lady of castles and towers,  
Follow my love, come over the strand,  
And sit like a queene in princely bowers  
When I am at home in faire Scotland.

Then parted hence this lady gay,  
Follow my love, come over the strand,  
And got her fathers ring away  
To helpe this sad knight into faire Scotland.

Likewise much gold she got by sleight,  
Follow my love, come over the strand,  
And all to helpe this forlorne knight  
To wend from her father to faire Scotland.

Two gallant steedes both good and able,  
Follow my love, come over the strand,  
She likewise tooke out of the stable  
To ride with this knight into faire Scotland.

And to the jaylor she sent this ring,  
Follow my love, come over the strand,  
The knight from prison forth to bring,  
To wend with her into faire Scotland.

This token set the prisoner free,  
Follow my love, come over the strand,  
Who straight went to this faire lady  
To wend with her into faire Scotland.

A gallant steede he did bestride,  
Follow my love, come over the strand,  
And with the lady away did ride,  
And she the faire flower of Northumberland.

They rode till they came to a water cleare,  
Follow my love, come over the strand.  
Good sir, how should I follow you heere,  
And I the faire flower of Northumberland ?

The water is rough and wonderfull deepe,  
Follow my love, come over the strand,  
An on my saddle I shall not keepe,  
And I the faire flower of Northumberland.

Feare not the foord, faire lady, quoth he,  
Follow my love, come over the strand,  
For long I cannot stay for thee,  
And thou the faire flower of Northumberland.

The lady prickt her wanton steed,  
Follow my love, come over the strand,  
And over the river swom with speede,  
And she the faire flower of Northumberland.

From top to toe all wet was shee,  
Follow my love, come over the strand ;  
This have I done for love of thee,  
And I the faire flower of Northumberland.

Thus rode she all one winters night,  
Follow my love, come over the strand,  
Till Edenborow they saw in sight,  
The chiefest towne in all Scotland.

Now chuse (quoth he), thou wanton flower,  
Follow my love, come over the strand,  
Where thou wilt be my paramour,  
Or get thee home to Northumberland.

For I have wife and children five,  
Follow my love, come over the strand,  
In Edenborow they be alive,  
Then get thee home to faire England.

This favour shalt thou have to boote,  
Follow my love, come over the strand,  
He have thy horse, go thou on foote,  
Go, get thee home to Northumberland.

O, false and faithlesse knight, quoth shee,  
Follow my love, come over the strand,  
And canst thou deale so bad with me,  
And I the faire flower of Northumberland?

Dishonour not a ladies name,  
Follow my love, come over the strand,  
But draw thy sword and end my shame,  
And I the faire flower of Northumberland.

He tooke her from her stately steed,  
Follow my love, come over the strand,  
And left her there in extreme need,  
And she the faire flower of Northumberland.



Then sate she downe full heavily,  
Follow my love, come over the strand,  
At length two knights came riding by,  
Two gallant knights of faire England.

She fell downe humbly on her knee,  
Follow my love, come over the strand,  
Saying, Courteous knights, take pittie on me,  
And I the faire flower of Northumberland.

I have offended my father deere,  
Follow my love, come over the strand,  
And by a false knight that brought me heere,  
From the good earle of Northumberland.

They tooke her up behind them then,  
Follow my love, come over the strand,  
And brought her to her father's againe,  
And he the good earle of Northumberland.

All you faire maidens be warned by me,  
Follow my love, come over the strand,  
Scots were never true, nor never will be,  
To lord, nor lady, nor faire England.

FINIS.

After the kings majesty and the queen had heard this song sweetly sung by them, hee cast them a great reward : and so departing thence, went to the fulling-mills and dye-house, where a great many were also hard at work ; and his majesty perceiving what a great number of people were by this one man set on worke,

both admired and commended him : saying, further, that no trade in all the land was so much to be cherished and maintained as this, which, quoth he, may well be called the life of the poore ; and as the king returned from this place, with intent to take horse and depart, there met him a great many of children in garments of white silke fringed with gold, their heads crowned with golden bayes, and about their armes each one had a scarfe of greene sarcenet fast tied, in their hands they bore silver bowes, and under their girdles golden arrowes.

The foremost of them represented Diana, goddessse of chastity, who was attended on by a train of beautifull nymphes, and they presented to the king foure prisoners. The first was a sterne and grisly woman carrying a frowning countenance, and her forehead full of wrinkles, her hayre as blacke as pitch, and her garments all bloudy ; a great sword she had in her hand all stained with purple gore ; they called her name Bellona, goddessse of warres, who had three daughters : the first of them was a tall woman, so leane and ill favoured that her cheeke bones were ready to start out of the skinne, of a pale and deadly colour ; her eyes sunke into her head ; her legges so feeble that they could scantly carry the body ; all along her armes and hands through the skinne you might tell the sinewes, joynts and bones ; her teeth were very strong and sharp withall ; she was so greedy

that she was ready with her teeth to teare the skinne from her owne armes ; her attyre was blacke, and all torne and ragged ; she went barefooted, and her name was Famine. The second was a strong and lusty woman, with a looke pittillesse and unmercifull countenance ; her garments were all made of iron and steele, and she carried in her hand a naked weapon, and she was called the Sword. The third was also a cruel creature, her eyes did sparkle like burning coales, her hayre was like a flame, and her garments like burning brasse ; she was so hot that none could stand neere her, and they called her name Fire.


After this, they retired againe, and brought unto his highnesse two other personages. Their countenance was princely and amiable, their attyre most rich and sumptuous. The one carried in his hand a golden trumpet, and the other a palme tree : and these were called Fame and Victorie, whom the goddessse of Chastity charged to waite upon this famous prince for ever. This done, each childe after other, with due reverence, gave unto his majesty a sweete smelling gilliflower, after the manner of the Persians offering something in token of loyalty and obedience. The king and queene beholding the sweete favour and countenance of these children, demanded of Jack of Newberie whose children they were : who answered, It shall please your highnesse to understand that these are the children of poore people that doe get their living by picking of wooll,

having scant a good meale once in a weeke. With that the king began to tell his gilliflowers, whereby he found that there was 96 children. Certainly, said the queene, I perceive God gives as faire children to the poore as to the rich, and fairer many times; and though their dyet and keeping be but simple, the blessing of God doth cherish them: therefore, said the queene, I will request to have two of them to waite in my chamber. Faire Katharine, said the king, thou and I have jumpt in one opinion, thinking these children fitter for the court than the country: whereupon he made choise of a dozen; more, foure he ordained to be pages to his royal person, and the rest hee sent to universities, allotting to every one a gentlemans living. Divers of the noble men did in like sort entertaine some of those children into their services; so that, in the end, not one was left to picke wooll, but were all so provided for that their parents never needed to care for them; and God so blessed them that each of them came to bee men of great account and authoritie in the land, whose posterities remaine to this day worshipfull and famous. The king, queene, and nobles, being ready to depart, after great thankes and gifts given to Jacke of Newberie, his majestie would have made him knight; but hee meekly refused it, saying, I beseech your grace let me live a poore clothier among my people, in whose maintenance I take more felicitie than in all the vaine titles of gentilitie: for these are the labouring ants

whom I seeke to defend, and these be the bees which I keepe, who labour in this life, not for our selves, but for the glory of God, and to do service to our dread soveraigne. Thy knighthood need be no hinderance of thy facultie, quoth the king. O, my dread soveraigne, sayd Jacke, honour and worship may be compared to the lake of Læthe, which makes men forget themselves that taste thereof; and to the end I may still keepe in minde from whence I came, and what I am, I beseech your grace let me rest in my russet coat, a poore clothier to my dying day. Seeing then, said the king, that a mans minde is a kingdome to himselfe, I will leave thee to the riches of thy owne content, and so farewell. The queenes majestie taking her leave of the good wife with a princely kisse, gave her a token of remembrance, a most precious and rich dyamond set in gold, about the which was also curiously set sixe rubies and sixe emeralds in one peece, valued at nine hundred markes; and so her grace departed. But in this meane space, Will Sommers kept company among the maides, and betooke himselfe to spinning as they did, which among them was hekle as a forfeit of a gallon of wine; but William by no meanes would pay it, except they would take it out in kisses, rating every kisse at a farthing. This payment we refuse for two causes, quoth the maides: the one, for that wee esteeme not kisses at so base a rate; and the other, because in so doing we should give as much as you.

## CHAP. IV.

How the maidens served Will Sommers for his sausinesse.

 HE maidens consented together, seeing Will Sommers was so busie both with their worke and in his words, and would not pay his forfeiture, to serve him as he served. First, therefore, they bound him hand and feete, and set him upright against a poste, tying him thereto; which hee tooke in ill part, notwithstanding hee could not resist them. And because hee let his tongue runne at randome, they set a faire gagge in his mouth, such a one as he could not for his life put away; so that he stood as one gaping for winde. Then one of them got a couple of dogs droppings, and putting them in a bagge, laid them in soke in a bason of water; while the rest turned downe the collar of his jerkin, and put an hoste cloath about his necke instead of a fine towell. Then came the other maide with a bason, and water in the same, and with the perfume in the pudding bagge flappt him about the face and lips till he looked like a tawnie Moore, and with her hands washt him very orderly. The smell being somewhat strong, Will could by no meanes abide it, and for want of other language cryed Ah, ha, ha, ha. Faine he would have spet, and could not; so that he was faine to swallow downe such liquor



as he never tasted the like. When he had a prettie while beene washed in this sort, at the length he croucht downe upon his knees, yeilding himselfe to their favour; which the maidens perceiving, pulled the gag out of his mouth. He had no sooner the libertie of his tongue, but that hee curst and swore like a divel. The maides that could scant stand for laughing, at last askt how he liked his washing. Gods ounds, quoth hee, I was never thus washt, nor ever met with such barbers since I was borne. Let me goe, quoth he, and I will give you whatsoever you will demand; wherewith hee cast them an English croune. Nay, quoth one of the maides, you are yet but washt; but we will shave you ere you goe. Sweete maides, quoth he, pardon my shaving; let it suffice that you have washt me. If I have done a trespassse to your trade, forgive it me, and I will never hereafter offend you. Tush, said the maides, you have made our wheelles cast their bands, and bruised the teeth of our cards in such sort as the offence may not be remitted with great pennance; as for your gold we regard it not: therefore, as you are perfumed fit for the dogs, so we enjoyne you this night to serve all our dogs; which pennance, if you will sweare with all speede to perform, we will let you loose. O, quoth Will, the huge elephant was never more fearefull of the silly sheepe than I am of your displeasures: therefore, let me loose, and I will doe it with all diligence. Then they unbound him and

brought him among a great company of swine, which, when Will had wel viewed over, he drave out of the yard all the sowes. Why, how now ? quoth the maides. What mean you by this ? Mary, quoth Will, these be all sowes, and my pennance is but to serve the hogs. It is true, quoth they, have you overtaken us in this sort. Will, looke there be not one hog unserved, we would advise you. Will Sommers stripd us his sleeves very orderly, and clapt an apron about his motley hosen, and taking a paile served the hogs handsomely. When he had given them all meate, he said thus :—

My taske is ducly done,  
My liberty is wonne ;  
The hogs have eat their crabs,  
Therefore farewell, you drabs.

Nay, soft friend, quoth they, the veriest hog of all hath yet had nothing. Where the divell is he, said Will, that I see him not ? Wrapt in a motley jerkin, quoth they : take thyselfe by the nose, and thou shalt catch him by the snout. I was never so very a hog, quoth he, but I would alway spare from my own belly to give a woman. If thou do not (say they) eate (like the prodigall childe) with thy fellow hogs, we will so shave thee as thou shalt deerely repent thy disobedience. He, seeing no remedy, committed himselfe to their mercy : and so they let him goe. When he came to the court, he shewed to the king all his adventures among the weavers maidens, wherat the king and queen laughed heartily.

## CHAP. V.

Of the pictures which Jack of Newbery had in his house, whereby he encouraged his servants to seeke for fame and dignitie.

**I**N a faire large parlour which was wainscotted round about, Jacke of Newberie had fifteene faire pictures hanging, which were covered with curtaines of greene silke fringed with gold, which he would often shew to his friends and servants. In the first was the picture of a shepheard, before whom kneeled a great king, Viriat, who sometime governed the people of Portugall. See here, quoth Jacke, the father a shepheard, the sonne a soveraigne. This man ruled in Portugall, and made great warres against the Romanes, and after that invaded Spaine, yet in the end was traiterously slaine.

The next was the portraiture of Agathoeles, which for his surpassing wisdom and manhood was created king of Sicilia, and maintained battell against the people of Carthage. His father was a poore potter, before whom he also kneeled, and it was the use of this king that whensoever he made a banquet, he would have as well vessels of earth as of gold set upon the table, to the intent he might alwayes beare in minde the place of his beginning, his fathers house and family.

The third was the picture of Iphicrates, an Athenian born, who vanquished the Lacedemonians in plaine and open battel. This man was captaine generall to Artaxerxes, king of Persia, whose father was notwithstanding a cobbler, and there likewise pictured. Eumenes was also a famous captaine to Alexander the Great, whose father was no other than a carter.

The fourth was the similitude of *Ælius Pertinax*, sometime emperour of Rome ; yet was his father but a weaver, and afterward to give example to others of low condition to beare minds of worthy men, he caused the shop to be beautified with marble curiously cut, wherein his father before him was wont to get his living.

The fift was the picture of *Dioclesian*, that so much adorned Rome with his magnificall and triumphant victories.

This was a most famous emperour, although no other than the sonne of a booke-binder. *Valentinian* stood the next painted most artificially : who also was crowned emperour, and was but the sonne of a poor rope-maker, as in the same picture was expressed, where his father was painted by him using his trade.

The seventh was the emperor *Probus*, whose father, being a gardener, was pictured by him holding a spade.

The eighth picture was of *Marcus Aurelius*, whom every age honoureth : he was both a wise and prudent emperour, and yet but a cloth weavers sonne.

The ninth was the portraiture of the valiant emperour Maximinus, the son of a black-smith, who was there painted as he was wont to worke at the anvill.

In the tenth table was painted the emperour Galienus, who, at the first, was but a poore shepheard.

Next to this picture was placed the pictures of two Popes of Rome, whose wisdom and learning advanced them to that dignitie. The first was the lively counterfeite of Pope John the twenty two, whose father was a shoemaker: hee being elected Pope, increased their rents and patrimonie greatly.

The other was the picture of Pope Sextus, the fourth of that name, being a poore marriners sonne. The thirteenth picture was of Lamusius, king of Lombardie, who was no better than the son of a common strumpet: being painted like a naked child, walking in water, and taking hold of the point of a launce, by the which he hung fast and saved himselfe. The reason whereof is this: after his lewd mother was delivered of him, shee unnaturally threw him into a deepe stinking ditch, wherein was some water. By hap, king Agilmond passed that way, and found this child almost drowned: who moving him somewhat with the point of his launce, the better to perceive what he was, the child (though newly borne) tooke hold thereof with one of his pretty hands, not suffering it to slide or slip away againe: which thing the prince considering, being amazed at the strange force of this young little infant, caused it

to be taken up and carefully to be fostered ; and because the place where he found it was called Lama, he named the child Lamusius : who after grew to be so brave a man and so much honoured of fortune, that in the end he was crowned king of the Lumbards, who lived there in honour, and in his succession after him, even unto the time of the unfortunate king Albovina, when all came to ruine, subversion, and destruction.

In the fourteenth picture, Brimislās, king of Bohemia, was most artificially drawne ; before whom there stood an horse without bridle or saddle, in a field where husbandmen were at plough. The cause why this king was thus painted (quoth Jacke) was this : at that time the king of the Bohemians died without issue ; and great strife being among the nobilitie for a new king, at length they all consented that a horse should be let into the field, without bridle or saddle, having all determined with a most assured purpose to make him their king, before whom this horse rested. At what time it came to passe that the horse first stayed himselfe before this Primislās, being a simple creature, who then was busie driving the plough : they presently made him their soveraigne, who ordered himselfe and his kingdome very wisely. He ordained many good lawes, he compassed the citie of Prague with strong walles, besides, many other things, meriting perpetuall laud and commendations.

The fifteenth was the picture of Theophrastus, a



philosopher, a counsellor of kings, and companion of nobles, who was but sonne of a taylor ; seeing then, my good servants, that these men have beene advanced to high estate and princely dignities, by wisdom, learning, and diligence, I would wish you to imitate the like vertues, that you might attaine the like honors : for which of you doth know what good fortune God hath in store for you. There is none of you so poorely borne but that men of baser birth have come to great honors. The idle hand shall ever goe in a ragged garment, and the slouthfull live in reproach : but such as doe leade a vertuous life, and govern themselves discretely, shall of the best be esteemed, and spend his dayes in credit.

## CHAP. VI.

How all the clothiers in England joynd together, and with one consent complained to the king of their great hindrance sustained for want of traffick into other countries, whereupon they could get no sale for their cloath.

**B**Y meanes of the warres our king had with other countries many merchant strangers were prohibited for comming to England, and also our oune merchants (in like sort) were forbidden to have dealing with France, or the Low Countries : by meanes whereof the clothiers had

most of their cloth lying on their hands, and that which they sold was at so low a rate, that the money scarsly paid for the wooll and workemanship, whereupon they thought to ease themselves by abating the poore workemens wages, and when that did not prevaile, they turned away their people, weavers, shearmen, spinners, and carders ; so that where there was a hundred loomes kept in one towne, there was scant fifty ; and he that kept twentie, put doune ten ; many a poore man (for want of worke) was hereby undone, with his wife and children ; and it made many a poore widow to sit with an hungry belly ; this bred great woe in most places in England. In the end, Jacke of Newberie intended (in the behalfe of the poore) to make a supplication to the king : and to the end he might doe it the more effectually, he sent letters to all the chiefe clothing townes in England to this effect.

*The Letter.*

Wellbeloved friends and brethren, having a taste of the generall griefe, and feeling (in some measure) the extremetie of these times, I fell into consideration by what meanes we might best expell these sorrowes and recover our former commoditie. When I had well thought thereon, I found that nothing was more needefull herein than a faithfull unitie among our selves. This sore of necessitie can no way bee cured but by concord : for like as the flame consumes the candle, so

men, through discord, waste themselves. The poore hates the rich, because they will not set them on worke : and the rich hate the poore because they seeme burdenous : so both are offended for want of gaine. When Belinus and Brennus were at strife, the queene, their mother, in their greatest furie, perswaded them to peace, by urging her conception of them in one wombe, and mutuall cherishing of them from their tender yeares : so let our art of clothing, which, like a kinde mother, hath cherished us with the excellencie of her secrets, perswade us to an unitie. Though our occupation bee decayed, let us not deale with it as men doe by their old shooes, which, after they have long borne them out of the mire, doe in the end fling them on the dunghill ; or, as the husbandman doth by his bees, who for their honey burnes them. Dear friends, consider that our trade will maintaine us if we well uphold it, and there is nothing base but that which is basely used. Assemble, therefore, your selves together, and in every towne tell the number of those that have their living by meanes of this trade : note it in a bill, and send it to me : and because suits in courts are like winter-nights, long and wearisome, let there be in each place a weekly collection made to defray charges ; for I tell you, noble mens secretaries and cunning lawyers have slowe tongues and deafe eares ; which must daily be noynted with the sweet oyle of angels. Then let two honest discret men be

chosen, and sent out of every towne to meet me at Black-well Hall, in London, on all Saints Eve, and then we will present our humble petition to the king : thus I bid you heartily farewell.

Copies of this letter being sealed, they were sent to all the clothing townes of England, and the weavers both of linnen and woollen gladly received them : so that when all the bills were brought together, there was found of the clothiers, and those they maintained, threescore thousand and sixe hundred persons. Moreover, every clothing towne sending up two men to London, they were found to bee an hundred and twelve persons, who in very humble sort fell downe before his majestie, walking in S. James his parke, and delivered unto him their petition. The king presently perusing it, asked if they were all clothiers : who answered (as it were one man) in this sort. We are (most gracious king) all poore clothiers, and your majesties faithfull subjects. My lords, quoth the king, let these mens complaint be thoroughly lookt unto, and their griefe redressed, for I account them in the number of the best commonwealths men : as the clergie for the soule, the souldier for defence of his countrie, the lawyer to execute justice, the husbandman to feede the belly : so is the skilfull clothier no lesse necessarie for the clothing of the backe, whom we may reckon among the chiefe yeomen of our land : and as the crysell

sight of the eye is tenderly to be kept from harmes, because it gives to the whole bodie light: so is the clothier, whose cunning hand provides garments to defend our naked partes from the winters nipping frost. Many more reasons there are which may move us to redresse their griefes, but let it suffice that I command to have it done. With that his grace delivered the petition to the lord chancellor, and all the clothiers cryed, God save the king; but as the king was ready to depart, he suddenly turned about, saying, I remember there is one Jacke of Newberie, I muse he had not his hand in this businesse, who profest himselfe to bee a defender of true labourers. Then said the duke of Sommerset: It may be, his purse is answerable for his person. Nay (quoth the lord cardinall), all his treasure is little enough to maintaine warres against the butterflyes. With that Jack shewed himselfe unto the king, and privately told his grace of their griefe anew, to whom his majestie said: Give thy attendance at the councell chamber, where thou shalt receive an answer to thy content; and so his highnesse departed. Finally it was agreed that the merchants should freely trafficke one with another; and that proclamation thereof should be made, as well on the other side of the sea, as in our land, but it was long before this was effected, by reason of the cardinall being lord chancellor, put off the matter from time to time, and because the clothiers thought it best not to depart

before it was ended, they gave their daily attendance at the cardinals house, but spent many dayes to no purpose : sometime they were answered my lord was busie and could not be spoke withall ; or else he was asleepe, and they durst not wake him ; or at his studie, and they would not disturbe him ; or at his prayers, and they durst not displease him ; and still one thing or other stood in the way to hinder them. At last, Patch, the cardinals foole, beeing (by their often repaire thither) well acquainted with the clothiers, came unto them and said : What, have you not spoken with my lord yet ? No, truly (quoth they), we heare say he is busie, and we stay till his grace be at leasure. Is it true ? sayd Patch : and with that in all haste he went out of the hall, and at last came in againe with a great bundle of straw on his backe. Why, how now, Patch (quoth the gentlemen), what wilt thou do with that straw ? Mary (quoth he), I will put it under these honest mens feete, lest they should freeze ere they find my lord at leisure. This made them all to laugh, and caused Patch to carrie away his straw againe. Wel, wel (quoth he), if it cost you a groats worth of faggots at night, blame not me. Trust me (said Jack of Newberie), if my lord cardinals father had beene no hastier in killing of calves than hee is in dispatching of poore mens sutes, I doubt he had never worne a myter. This hee spake betwixt themselves softly, but yet not so softly but that he was overheard by a flattering fellow



that stood by, who made it knowne to some of the gentlemen, and they straight certified the cardinall thereof.

The cardinall (who was of a very high spirit and loftie aspiring minde) was marvallyously displeased at Jacke of Newberie: wherefore in his rage hee commanded and sent the clothiers all to prison, because the one of them should not sue for the others release-ment. Foure daies lay these men in the Marshalsey, till at last they made their humble petition to the king for their release: but some of the cardinals friends kept it from the kings sight, notwithstanding the duke of Sommerset knowing thereof, spake with the lord cardinall about the matter, wishing he should speedily release them, lest it breed him some displeasure. For you may perceive (quoth the duke) how highly the king esteemes men of that facultie. Sir (quoth the cardinall), I doubt not but to answer their imprisonment well enough, being perswaded that none would have given mee such a quip but an heretike: and I dare warrant you were this Jacke of Newberie well examined, hee would be found to be infected with Luthers spirit, against whom our king hath of late written a most learned booke: in respect whereof the pope's holinesse hath entituled his majestie defender of the faith: therefore, I tell you, such fellowes are fitter to be faggots for fire than fathers of families: notwithstanding (of your graces request), I will release them.

Accordingly the cardinall sent for the clothiers before him to White-hall, his new built house by Westminster, and there bestowing his blessing upon them, said : Though you have offended mee, I pardon you ; for as Steven forgave his enemies that stoned him, and our Saviour those sinfull men that crucified him, so doe I forgive you that high trespasse committed in disgrace of my birth ; for herein doe men come neerest unto God in shewing mercie and compassion, but see hereafter you offend no more. Touching your sute, it is granted, and to morrow shall be published through London. This being said, they departed, and according to the cardinals words their busines was ended. The Stilliard merchants, joyfull hereof, made the clothiers a great banquet ; after which each man departed home, carrying tydings of their good successe, so that in short space clothing againe was very good, and poore men as well set on worke as before.

## CHAP. VII.

How a young Italian merchant, comming to Jack of Newberies house, was greatly enàmoured of one of his maidens, and how he was served.



MONG other servants which Jacke of Newberie kept, there was in his house threescore maydens, which every Sunday waited on his wife to church and home againe, who had

divers offices. Among other, two were appointed to keepe the beames and waighes to waigh out wooll to the carders and spinners, and to receive it in againe by waight : one of them was a comely maiden faire and lovely, borne of wealthy parents, and brought up in good qualities ; her name was Jone. So it was that a young wealthie Italian merchant, comming oft from London thither to bargain for cloth (for at that time clothiers most commonly had their cloth bespoken, and halfe paid for aforehand), this Master Benedicke fell greatly enamoured of this maiden, and therefore offered much curtesie to her, bestowing many gifts on her, which shee received thankfully ; and albeit his outward countenance shewed his inward affection, yet Jone would take no knowledge thereof. Halfe the day sometime would he sit by her as she was waighing wooll, often sighing and sobbing to himselfe, yet saying nothing, as if hee had beene tonguelesse, like the men of Coromandae ; and the lother to speake, for that hee could speake but bad English. Jone, on the other side, that well perceived his passions, did as it were triumph over him, as one that were bondslave to her beauty ; and although shee knew well enough before that shee was faire, yet did shee never so highly esteeme of her selfe as at this present : so that when she heard him either sighe, or sob, or grone, she would turne her face in a carelesse sort, as if shee had beene borne (like the woman of Taprobam) without cares. When

Master Bennedick saw shee made no reckoning of his sorrows, at length he blabbed out this broken English, and spake to her in this sort. Mettressa Jone, bee mee tra and fa, me love you wod all mine heart, and if you no shall love mee againe, mee know me shall die : sweete mettressa, love me ; and by my fa and tra, you shall lacke noting. First, me will give you de silke for make you a frog ; second, de fin fin camree for make you ruffes ; and de turd shal be for make fin hankercher for wipe your nose. Shee, mistaking his speech, began to be cholerick, wishing him to keepe that bodkin to pick his teeth. Ho ! ho ! mettressa Jone (quoth he), be Got you are angry. O mettressa Jone, be no chafe with your friend for noting. Good sir (quoth she), keep your friendship for them that care for it, and fixe your love on those that can like you ; as for mee, I tell you plaine, I am minded not to marrie. O, tis no matter for marrie ; if you will come in my chamber, beshit my bed, and let me kisse you. The maide, though shee were very much displeased, yet at these words shee could not forbear laughing for her life. Ah ! ah ! mettressa Jone, hold your hand, I say, and there is foure crowne because you laugh on me. I pray you, sir, keepe your crownes, for I neede them not. Yes, be Got, you shall have them, mettressa Jone, to keep in pox for you. Shee that could not well understand his broken language, mistooke his meaning in many things, and therefore wild him not to

trouble her any more. Notwithstanding, such was his love toward her, that he could not forbear her company, but made many journeys thither for her sake : and as a certain spring in Arcadia makes men to starve that drinke of it, so did poore Benmedeeke, feeding his fancie on her beautie : for when he was in London, he did nothing but sorrow, wishing he had wings like the monsters of Tartaria, that he might fly too and fro at his pleasure. When any of his friends did tell her of his ardent affection toward her, she wisht them to rub him with the sweat of a mule to asswage his amorous passion, or to fetch him some of the water in Boetia to coole and extinguish the heat of his affection. For, quoth she, let him never hope to be helpt by me. Well, quoth they, before hee saw thy alluring face, he was a man reasonable and wise, but is now a starke foole, being by thy beauty bereft of wit, as if he had drunke of the river Cea ; and, like bewitching Círees, thou hast certainly transformed him from a man to an asse. There are stones in Pontus, quoth they, that the deeper they bee laid in the water the fiercer they burne : unto the which fond lovers may fitly be compared, who the more they are denied, the hotter is their desire : but seeing it is so, that he can find no favor at your hands, wee will shew him what you have said, and eyther draw him from his dumpes, or leave him to his owne will. Then spake one of the weavers that dwelt in the towne, and was a kinsman to this maid. I muse

(quoth he) that Master Bennedicke will not bee perswaded, but like the moath will play with the flame that will scorch his wings : me thinkes, he should forbear to love, or learne to speake, or else woe such as can answer him in his language, for I tell you that Jone my kinswoman is no taste for an Italian. These speeches were told to Bennedicke with no small addition. When our young merchant heard the matter so plaine, he vowd to be revenged of the weaver, and to see if he could finde any more friendship of his wife : therefore dissembling his sorrow, and covering his griefe, with speed he tooke his journey to Newberie, and pleasantly saluted Mistris Jone ; and having his purse full of crownes, hee was very liberall to the work-folkes, especially to Jone's kinsman, in so much that hee got his favour many times to goe forth with him, promising him very largely to doe great matters, and to lend him a hundred pound, wishing him to bee a servant no longer. Beside, he liberally bestowed on his wife many gifts, and if she washt him but a hand, he woud give her an angel ; if he did but send her child for a quart of wine, he would give him a shilling for his paines. The which his curtesie changed the weavers mind : saying, he was a very honest gentleman, and worthie to have one farre better than his kinswoman.

This pleased Master Bennedick well to heare them say so, notwithstanding he made light of the matter,



and many times when the weaver was at his masters at worke, the merchant would be at home with his wife drinking and making merrie. At length, time bringing acquaintance, and often conference breeding familiaritie, Master Bennedicke began somewhat boldly to jest with Gilian, saying that her sight and sweete countenance had quite reclaimed his love from Jone, and that she only was the mistris of his heart ; and if she would lend him her love, he would give her gold from Arabia, orient pearls from India, and make her bracelets of precious diamonds. Thy garments shall be of the finest silke that is made in Venice, and thy purse shall still be stufft with angels. Tell me thy mind, my love, and kill me not with unkindnesse, as did thy scornfull kinswoman, whose disclaime had almost cost me my life. O, Master Bennedicke, thinke not the wives of England can be wonne by rewards, or enticed with faire words, as children are with plums ; it may be that you, being merily disposed, do speake this to try my constancie. Know, then, that I esteeme more the honour of my good name than the sliding wealth of the world. Master Bennedicke, hearing her say so, desired her, that considering it was love which forced his tongue to besway his hearts affection, that yet she would be secret, and so for that time tooke his leave. When he was gone, the woman began to call her wits together, and to consider of her poore estate, and withall the better to note the comelinesse of her

person and the sweete favour of her face : which when she had well thought upon, she began to harbour new thoughts and to entertaine contrarie affections, saying : Shall I content my selfe to be wrapt in sheepes russet that may swim in silks, and sit all day carding for a groat that may have crownes at my command ? No, quoth she, I will no more beare so base a mind, but take fortunes favours while they are to be had : the sweet rose doth flourish but one moneth, nor womens beauties but in young yeeres : as the winters frost consumes the summer flowers, so doth old age banish pleasant delight. O glorious gold ! quoth she, how sweete is thy smell, how pleasing is thy sight : thou subduest princes and overthrowest kingdoms, then how should a silly woman withstand thy strength ! Thus she rested, meditating on preferment, minding to hazzard her honestie to maintaine her selfe in braverie, even as traders corrupt their consciences to gather riches. Within a day or two, Master Bennedick came to her againe, on whom she cast a smiling countenance ; he, perceiving that (according to his old custome), sent for wine, and very merrie they were. At last, in the midst of their cups, he cast out his former question ; and, after farther conference, she yeilded, and appointed a time when he should come to her : for which favour he gave her half a dozen portigues. Within an houre or two after, entring into her owne conscience, bethinking how sinfully she had sould her

selfe to folly, began thus to expostulate. Good lord, quoth shee, shall I breake that holy vow which I made in marriage, and pollute my body which the Lord hath sanctified ; can I breake the commandment of my God and not rest accursed, or be a traytor to my husband and suffer no shame ? I heard once my brother read in a book, that Bucephalus, Alexanders steed, being a beast, would not be backt by any but the emperour, and shall I consent to any but my husband ? Artemisia, being a heathen lady, loved her husband so well, that shee drunke up his ashes, and buried him in her owne bowels ; and should I, being a Christian, cast my husband out of my heart ? The women of Rome were wont to crowne their husbands heads with bayes in token of victory, and shall I give my husband hornes in token of infamy ? An harlot is hated of all vertuous people, and I shall make myselfe a whore. O my God, forgive my sin, quoth shee, and cleanse my heart from these wicked imaginations ; and as she was thus lamenting, her husband came home, at whose sight her teares were doubled, like a river whose streame is increased by showers of rain. Her husband, seeing this, would needs know the cause of her sorrow : but a great while she would not shew him, casting many a piteous looke upon him, and shaking her head : at last she said, O my deare husband, I have offended against God and thee, and made such a trespasse by my tongue as hath cut a deepe scurre in my conscience and

wounded my heart with griefe like a sword : like Penelope, so have I beene wooed ; but, like Penelope, I have not answered. Why, woman, quoth hee, what is the matter ? If it be but the bare offence of the tongue, why shouldest thou so greeve, considering that womens tongues are like lambes tayles, which seldome stand still ; and the wise man saith, where much talke is, must needes bee some offence : womens beauties are faire markes for wandring eyes to shoot at : but as every archer hits not the white, so every wooer wins not his mistris favour : all cities that are besieged are not sackt, nor all women to be mislik't that are loved. Why, wife, I am perswaded thy faith is more firme, and thy constancie greater to withstand lovers alarumes, than that any other but my selfe should obtaine the fortresse of thy heart. O sweet husband (quoth she), we see the strongest tower at length falleth down by the canons force, though the bullets be but iron, then how can the weake bulwarke of a womans breast make resistance when the hot canons of deepe perswading words are shot off with golden bullets, and every one as big as a portigue. If it be so, wife, I may think my selfe in a good case, and you to be a very honest woman : as Mars and Venus daunst naked together in a net, so I doubt you and some knave have plaid naked together in a bed ; but in faith, you quean, I will send thee to salute thy friends without a nose ; and as thou hast sold thy honesty, so will I sell thy

companie. Sweete husband, though I have promised, I have performed nothing; every bargaine is not effected, and therefore as Judas brought againe the thirtie silver plates, for the which he betrayed his Master, so repenting my folly, He cast him againe his gold, for which I should have wronged my husband. Tell me (quoth her husband), what he is? It is Master Bennedick, quoth she, which for my love hath left the love of our kinswoman, and hath vowed himself for ever to live my servant. O dissembling Italian, quoth he, I will be revenged on him for this wrong. I know that any favour from Jone our kinswoman will make him runne like a man bitten with a mad dog; therefore be ruled by me, and thou shalt see mee dresse him in his kinde. The woman was very well pleased, saying hee would be there that night. All this works well with me, quoth her husband, and to supper will I invite Jone my kinswoman, and in the meane space make up the bed in the parlour very decently: so the good man went forth, and got a sleepy drench from the poticaries, the which he gave to a young sow, which he had in his yard, and in the evening layd her down in the bed in the parlour, drawing the curtaines round about. Supper time being come, master Bennedick gave his attendance, looking for no other company but the good wife: notwithstanding at the last mistresse Jone came in with her kinsman, and sate doune to supper with them. Master Bennedicke musing at their

sudden approach, yet neverthelesse glad of mistresse Jones company, past the supper time with many pleasant conceits, Jone shewing her selfe that night more pleasant in his company than at any time before : therefore, he gave the good man great thanks. Good master Bennedick, little do you thinke how I have travelled in your behalfe to my kinswoman, and much adoe I had to bring the peevisish wench into any good liking of your love ; notwithstanding by my great diligence and perswasions I did at length win her good will to come hither, little thinking to find you here, or any such good cheare to entertaine her, all which I see so fallen out for your profit ; but, trust mee, all the world cannot alter her minde, nor turne her love from you : in regard whereof shee hath promised me to lie this night in my house for the great desire she hath of your good company : and in requitall of all your great curtesies shewed to me, I am very well content to bring you to bed. Marrie, this you must consider, and so she bad me tell you, that you should come to bed with as little noise as you could, and tumble nothing that you find, for feare of her best gowne and her hat which she will lay hard by the bed side, next her best partlet, and in so doing you may have company with her all night, but say nothing in any case till you be a bed. O, quoth hee, Matre Jun, bee Got, Matre Jun, me will no spoyle he clothes for a towсанд pound ; ah ! me love Metre Jone more then my wife. Well, supper




being done, they rose from the table ; Master Bennedick, imbracing Mistresse Jone, thank't her for her great curtesie and company, and then the good man and he walkt into the towne, and Jone hied her home to her masters, knowing nothing of the intended jest. Master Bennedick thought every houre twaine till the sun was downe, and that he were a bed with his beloved : at last, he had his wish, and home he came to his friends house. Then said John : Master Bennedick, you must not in any case have a candle when you go into the chamber, for then my kinswoman will be angry, and darke places fit best lovers desires. O Mr. Jan, quoth he, tis no such matter for light, me shall find Metre Jone well enough in the darke, and entring in the parlour groping about, he felt a gounce and hat. O Metre Jone (quoth hee), here is your gounce and hat, mee shall no hurt for a tousand pound ; then kneeling down by the bedside, instead of Mistris Jone, he saluted the sow in this sort. O my love and my delight, it is thy faire face that hath wounded my hart, thy gray sparkling eyes and thy lilly white hands, with the comely proportion of thy pretty body, that made me in seeking thee to forget my selfe, and to find thy favor lose my owne freedome : but now is the time come wherein I shall reape the fruits of a plentiful harvest. Now, my deare, from thy sweet mouth let me sueke the bony balme of thy breath, and with my hand stroke those mosse cheekes of thine, wherein I have tooke

such pleasure. Come, with thy prettie lips and entertaine me into thy bed with one gentle kisse (why speakst thou not, my sweet heart ?) and stretch out thy alabaster armes to infold thy faithfull friend ; why should ill pleasing sleepe close up the crystall windowes of thy body so fast, and bereave thee of thy fine lordly attendants, wherewith thou wast wont to salute thy friends ? Let it not offend thy gentle eares that I thus talke to thee. If thou hast vowed not to speake, I will not breake it ; and if thou wilt command me to be silent, I will be dumbe ; but thou needest not feare to speake thy minde, seeing the cloudy night concealeth every thing. By this time Master Bennedicke was unready, and slipt into bed, where the sow lay swathed in a sheet, and her head bound in a great linnen cloth. As soon as he was laid, he began to embrace his new bed-fellow, and laying his lips somewhat neere her snowt, he felt her draw her breath very short. Why, how now, love (quoth hee), be you sicke ? Mistris Jone, your breat be very strong, have you no cake a bed ? The sow, feeling herselfe desturbed, begun to grunt and keepe a great stirre : whereat Master Bennedicke (like a mad man) ran out of bed, crying de divel ! de divell ! The good man of the house (being purposely provided) came rushing in with halfe a dozen of his neighbours, asking what was the matter ? Poh met (quoth Bennedicke), here be de great divell, eric hoh ! hoh ! be Gossen, I tink dee play the knave wid mee, and mee

will be revenged on you. Sir, quoth he, I, knowing you love mutton, thought porke nothing unfit, and therefore provided you a whoe sow ; and as you like entertainment, spend portigues. Walk, walke, Barkshire maids will be no Italian strumpets, nor the wives of Newberie their houses. Barkshire dog (quoth Bennedicke), owle face, shackle, hang dou and dy veife, have it not be for me love to sweet Metresse Jone, I will no come in your houze ; but farewell till I cash you, I shall make your hog nose bud : the good man and his neighbours laughing aloud, away went Master Bennedicke, and for very shame departed from Newberie before day.

## CHAP. VIII.

How Jacke of Newberie, keeping a very good house both for his servants and reliefe of the poore, won great credit thereby, and how one of his wives gossips found fault therewith.

OOD morrow, gossip, now by my truly I am glad to see you in health. I pray you how doth Master Wincheomb ? What, never a great belly yet ? now, fie, by my fa, your husband is wait idle. Trust me, gossip, saith Mistresse Wincheombe, a great belly comes sooner than a new coate ; but you must consider we have not

bin long married : but truly, gossip, you are welcome ; I pray you sit down, and we will have a morsel of something by and by. Nay truly, gossip, I cannot stay, quoth shee, indeed I must be gone : for I did but even step in to see how you did. You shall not chose but stay a while, quoth Mistris Winecombe, and with that a faire napkin was layd upon the little table in the parlour, hard by the fire side, whereon was set a fine cold capon, with a great deale of other good cheere, with ale and wine plenty. I pray you, gossip, eate, and I beshrew you if you spare, quoth the one. I thanke you heartily, gossip, said the other ; but heare you, gossip, I pray you tell me, doth your husband love you well, and make much of you ? Yes, truly, I thanke God, quoth she. Now, by my truth, said the other, it were a shame for him if he should not : for though I say it before your face, though hee had little with you, yet you are worthy to be as good a mans wife as his. Trust me, I would not change my John for my lord marquesse, quoth she : a woman can be but wel ; for I live at hearts ease, and have all things at will ; and truly he will not see me lacke any thing. Gods blessing on his heart, quoth her gossip, it is a good hearing ; but I pray you tell me, I heard say your husband is chosen for our burgesse in the parliament house ; is it true ? Yes, verily, quoth his wife. I wis it is against his will ; for it will be no small charges unto him. Tush, woman, what talke you of

that ; thanks be to God, there is never a gentleman in all Barkshire that is better able to beare it. But heare you, gossip, shall I be so bold to aske you one question more ? Yes, with all my heart, quoth shee. I heard say that your husband would now put you in your hood and silke gowne ; I pray you, is it true ? Yes, in truth, quoth Mistresse Winchcombe, but far against my minde, gossip ; my French hood is bought already, and my silke gowne is a making : likewise the goldsmith hath brought home my chaine and bracelets : but I assure you, gossip, if you will beleeeve me, I had rather goe one hundred miles than weare them : for I shall be so ashamed, that I shall not looke upon any of my neighbors for blushing. And why, I pray you ? quoth her gossip ; I tell you, deare woman, you need not be any thing abashed or blush at the matter, especially seeing your husbands estate is able to maintaine it : now, trust me, truly I am of opinion you will become it singular well. Alas ! quoth Mistresse Winchcombe, having never beene used to such attyre, I shall not know where I am nor how to behave my selfe in it : and, beside, my complexion is so blacke, that I shall carrie but an ill favoured countenance under a hood. Now without doubt (quoth her gossip) you are to blame to say so. Beshrew my heart, if I speake it to flatter, you are a very faire and well favored young woman as any is in Newberie, and never feare your behaviour in your hood : for I tell you true, as old and withered as

I am my selfe, I could become a hood well enough, and behave my selfe as well in such attyre as any other whatsoever, and I would not learne of never a one of them all : what, woman, I have beene a prettie wench in my dayes and seene some fashions ; therefore you need not feare, seeing both your beautie and comely personage deserves no lesse than a French hood ; and be of good comfort. At the first (possibly) folkes will gaze something at you ; but be not you abashed for that ; it is better they should wonder at your good fortune than lament at your miserie ; but when they have seene you two or three times in that attire, they will afterward little repeat it : for every new thing at the first seemes rare, but being once a little used, it growes common. Surely, gossip, you say true (quoth she), and I am but a foole to be so bashfull ; it is no shame to use Gods gifts for out credits ; and well might my husbände thinke me unworthy to have them, if I would not weare them : and though I say it, my hood is a faire one as any woman weares in this country, and my gold chaine and bracelets are none of the worst sort, and I will shew them you, because you shall give your opinion upon them : and therewithall she stept into her chamber and fetcht them forth. When her gossip saw them, she said : Now, beshrew my fingers, but these are faire ones indeede ; and when doe you meane to weare them, gossip ? At Whitsontide (quoth she), if God spare my life. I wish that well



you may weare them, sayd her gossip ; and I would I were worthy to be with you when you dresse your selfe ; it should bee never the worse for you : I would order the matter so that you should set every thing about you in such sort as never a gentlewoman of them all should staine you. Mistresse Winchcombe gave her great thanks for her favour, saying, that if she needed her helpe, she would be bold to send for her.

Then began her gossip to turne her tongue to another tune, and now to blame her for her great house keeping, and thus she began : Gossip, you are but a young woman, and one that hath had no great experience of the world ; in my opinion, you are something too lavish in expenses : pardon me, good gossip, I speake but for your good well : and because I love you, I am the more bold to admonish you. I tell you plaine, were I the mistresse of such a house, having such large allowance as you have, I would save 20. pound a yeere that you spend to no purpose. Which way might that be ? (quoth Mistres Winchcombe) Indeed I confesse I am but a green huswife, and one that hath had but small triall in the world, therefore I should be very glad to learne any thing that were for my husbands profit and my commoditie. Then listen to mee, quoth shee ; you feede your folkes with the best of the beeefe and the finest of the wheate, which in my opinion is a great oversight ; neither doe I heare of any knight in this countrie that doth it, and to say

the truth, how were they able to beare that part which they doe, if they saved it not by some meanes : come thither, and I warrant you that you shall see but browne bread on the boord ; if it be wheat and rie mingled together, it is a great matter, and the bread highly commended ; but most commonly they eate either barley bread, or rye mingled with pease, and such like course graine, which is doubtlesse but of small price, and there is no other bread allowed except at their owne boord. And in like manner for their meat : it is well knowne that neckes and points of beefe is their ordinarie fare : which, because it is commonly leane, they seeth therewith now and then a peece of bacon or porke, whereby they make their pot-tage fat, and therewith drive out the rest with more content. And thus you must learne to doe. And beside that, the midriffes of the dun and the cheekes, the sheepes heads and the gathers, which you give away at your gate, might serve them well enough, which would be a great sparing to your other meat, and by this meanes you would save in the yeare much money, whereby you might the better maintaine your hood and silke gowne. Againe, you serve your folkes with such superfluties, that they spoile in manner as much as they eate : believe mee, were I their dame, they should have thinges more sparingly, and then they would thinke it more daintie. Trust me, gossip (quoth Mistresse Winchcombe), I know your words in

many things to be true, for my folkes are so come fed that we have much adoe to please them in their diet : one doth say this is too salt ; and another saith, this is too grosse, this is too fresh, and that too fat ; and twentie faults they will find at their meales : I warrant you, they make such parings of their cheese, and keepe such chipping of their bread, that their very ortes would serve two or three honest folkes to their dinner. And from whence, I pray you, proceedes that (quoth her gossip) but of two much plentie ; but yfaith, were they my servants, I would make them glad of the worst crumme they cast away ; and thereupon I drink to you, and I thanke you for my good cheere with all my heart. Much good may it doe you, good gossip, said Mistresse Winchcombe ; and I pray you, when you come this way, let us see you. That you shall verily, quoth shee, and so away she went.


After this, Mistresse Winchcombe took occasion to give her folks shorter commons and courser meat than they were wont to have : which at length being come to the good mans eare, he was very much offended therewith, saying : I will not have my people thus pincht for their victuals. Emptie platters make greedy stomackes ; and where scarcity is kept, hunger is nourished ; and therefore, wife, as you love me, let me have no more of this doings. Husband (quoth she), I would they should have enough ; but it is a sinne to suffer and a shame to see the spoile they make ; I

could be very well content to give them their bellies full and that which is sufficient, but it grieves me, to tell you true, to see how coy they are and the small care they have in wasting of things ; and I assure you, the whole towne cries shame of it, and it hath bred me no small discredit for looking no better to it. Trust me no more if I was not cheekt in my owne house about this matter, when my eares did burne to heare what was spoken. Who was it that cheekt thee ? I pray thee tell me, was it not your old gossip, dame daintie, mistresse trip and goe ? I believe it was. Why, man, if it were she, you know she hath beene an old house keeper, and one that hath knowne the world, and that she told me was for good will. Wife (quoth he), I would not have thee to meddle with such light braind huswives, and so I have told thee a good many times, and yet I cannot get thee to leave her company. Leave her company : why, husband, so long as she is an honest woman, why should I leave her company ? She never gave me hurtfull counsell in all her life, but alwayes hath beene ready to tell me things for my profit, though you take it not so. Leave her company ! I am no gyrle, I would you should well know, to be taught what company I should keepe ; I keepe none but honest company, I warrant you. Leave her company ! ketha. Alas ! poore soule, this reward she hath for her good will ; I wis, I wis, she is more your friend than you are your owne. Well, let her have

what she will, said her husband ; but if she come any more in my house, she were as good no, and therefore take this for a warning I would advise : and so away he went.

## CHAP. IX.

How a draper in London, who owed Jacke of Newberie much money, became bankrupt, whom Jacke of Newberie found carrying a porters basket on his neeke, and how he set him up againe at his own cost, which draper afterward became an alderman of London

 HERE was one Randoll Pert, a draper, dwelling in Watling streete, and owed Jacke of Newberie five hundred pounds at one time, who in the end fell greatly to decay, in so much that he was cast in prison, and his wife with her poore children turned out of doores. All his creditors, except Winchcombe, had a share of his goods, never releasing him out of prison so long as he had one penny to satisfie them ; but when this tidings was brought to Jacke of Newberie care, his friends councelled him to lay his action against him. Nay (quoth hee), if he be not able to pay me when he is at libertie, he will never be able to pay me in prison, and therefore it were as good for me to forbear my money without troubling him, as to adde more sorrow to his greeved heart, and be never the neere. Misery is

trodden downe by many, and once brought lowe, they are seldom or never relieved : therefore he shall rest for me untouched, and I would to God he were cleare of all other mens debts, so that I gave mine to begin the world againe. Thus lay the poore draper a long time in prison, in which space his wife, which before for daintinesse would not foule her fingers, nor turne her head aside for feare of hurting the set of her neckenger, was glad to goe about and wash buckes at the Thames side, and to be a charre-woman in rich mens houses ; her soft hand was now hardened with scouring ; and in stead of gold rings upon her lilly fingers, they were now filled with chaps, provoked by the sharpe lee and other drudgeries. At last, Master Winchcombe being (as you heard) chosen against the parliament a burgesse for the towne of Newberie, and comming up to London for the same purpose, when he was alighted at his inne, hee left one of his men there to get a porter to bring his trunke up to the place of his lodging. Poor Randoll Pert, which lately before was come out of prison, having no other means of maintenance, became a porter to carry burthens from one place to another, having on an old ragged doublet, and a torne paire of breeches, with his hose out at the heeles, and a paire of old broken slip shoes on his feet, a rope about his middle in stead of a girdle, and on his head an old greasie cap, which had so many holes in it that his haire started through it : who, assoone as he



heard one call for a porter, made answer straight : Heere, master, what is it that you would have carried ? Marrie (quoth hee), I would have this trunke borne to the Spread Eagle at Ivie bridge. You shal, master (quoth he) ; but what will you give me for my paines ? I will give thee two pence. A penny more, and I will carrie it, sayd the porter ; and so being agreed, away he went with his burthen till he came to the Spread Eagle doore, where, on a sudden, espying Master Winchcombe standing, he cast downe the trunke, and ranne away as hard as he could. Master Winchcombe wondring what he meant thereby, caused his man to runne after him, and so fetch him againe : but when he saw one pursue him, he ranne then the faster ; and in running, heere he lost one of his slip shoes, and then another ; ever looking behinde him, like a man pursued with a deadly weapon, fearing every twinkling of an eye to bee thrust thorow : at last, his breech being tyed but with one point, what with the haste hee made, and the weaknesse of the thong, fell about his heeles : which so shackled him, that doune he fell in the streete all along, sweating and blowing, being quite worne out of breath ; and so by this meanes the serving man over-tooke him, and taking him by the sleeve, being as windlesse as the other, stood blowing and puffing a great while, ere they could speak one to another. Sirrah, quoth the serving man, you must come to my master, you have broken his trunke all to pieces, by

letting it fall. O, for God's sake (quoth he) let me goe, for Christ's sake let me goe, or else Master Winchcombe of Newberie will arest me, and then I am undone for ever. Now, by this time, Jacke of Newberie had caused his trunke to be carried into the house, and then he walked along to know what the matter was : and when he heard the porter say that he would arrest him, he wondred greatly, and having quite forgot Perts favour, being so greatly changed by imprisonment and povertie, he said, Wherefore should I arrest thee? tell mee, good fellow : for my owne part I know no reason for it. O, sir (quoth hee), I would to God I knew none neither ; then asking him what his name was, the poore man falling downe on his knees, said, Good Master Winchcombe, beare with me, and cast me not into prison. My name is Pert, and I doe not denie but I owe you five hundred pound : yet, for the love of God, take pittie upon me. When Master Winchcombe heard this, he wondred greatly at the man, and did much pittie his miserie, though as yet he made it not knowne, saying : Passion of my heart, man, thou wilt never pay me thus : never thinke by being a porter to pay five hundred pound debt : but this hath your prodigalitie brought you to, your thriftlesse neglecting of your businesse, that set more by your pleasure than your profit. Then looking better upon him, he said : What, never a shoo to thy foot, hose to thy legge, band to thy necke, nor cap

to thy head? O Pert, this is strange; but wilt thou be an honest man, and give me a bil of thy hand for my money? Yes, sir, with all my hart, quoth Pert. Then come to the scriveners (quoth he), and dispatch it, and I will not trouble thee. Now, when they were come thither, with a great many following them at their heeles, Master Winchcombe said: Hearest thou, scrivener, this fellow must give me a bill of his hand for five hundred pounds: I pray you make it as it should be. The scrivener, looking upon the poore man, and seeing him in that case, said to Master Winchcombe: Sir, you were better to let it be a bond, and have some sureties bound with him. Why, scrivener (quoth he), doest thou thinke this is not a sufficient man of himself for five hundred pound? Truly, sir (said the scrivener), if you thinke him so, you and I are of two minds. Ile tell thee what (quoth Master Winchcombe), were it not that we are all mortall, I would take his word assoone as his bill or bond. The honestie of a man is all, and wee in London (quoth the scrivener) do trust bonds fare better than honesty. But, sir, when must this money be pay'd? Marry, scrivener, when this man is Sherriffe of London: at that word the scrivener and the people standing by laughed heartily, saying: In truth, sir, make no more adoe, but forgive him; as good to doe the one as the other. Nay, beleeve me (quoth he), not so; therefore, doe as I bid you. Whereupon the scrivener made

the bill to be paid when Randoll Pert was Sheriffe of London, and thereunto set his owne hand for a witnesse, and twenty persons more that stood by set to their hands likewise. Then he asked Pert what he would have for carrying his trunk? Sir (quoth hee), I should have three pence; but, seeing I find you so kind, I will take but two pence at this time. Thanks, good Pert, quoth hee; but for thy three pence there is three shillings, and looke thou come to me to morrow morning betimes. The poore man did so; at what time Master Winchcombe had provided him, out of Birchin laine, a faire sute of apparell, merchant-like, with a faire black cloak, and all other things fit to the same: then he tooke him a shop in Canweek Street, and furnisht the same shop with a thousand pounds worth of cloath; by which meanes and other favours that Master Winchcombe did him, he grew againe into great credit, and in the end became so wealthy, that while Master Winchcombe lived, he was chose sheriffe, what time he payed five hundred pounds every pennie, and after dyed an Alderman of the citie.



## CHAP. X.

How Jacke of Newberies servants were revenged of their  
dames tattling gossip.

**U**PON a time it came to passe, when Master Winchcombe was farre from home, and his wife gone abroad, that mistres many-better, dame tittle-tattle, gossip pinte-pot, according to her old custome, came to Mistris Winchcombes house, perfectly knowing of the good mans absceance, and little the good wife was from home ; where knocking at the gate, Tweedle stept out, and askt who was there, where, hastily opening the wicket, he sodainely discovered the full proportion of this foule beast, who demanded if their mistris were within. What, Mistres Franke (quoth he), in faith welcome : how have you done a great while ? I pray you come in. Nay, I cannot stay, quoth she. Notwithstanding, I did call to speak a word or two with your mistres : I pray you tell her that I am heere. So I will (quoth he), so soone as she comes in. Then said the woman, What, is she abroad ? Why then farewell, good Tweedle. Why, what haste, what haste, Mistris Franke (quoth he) ; I pray you stay and drinke ere you goe. I hope a cup of new sacke will doe your old belly no hurt. What (quoth she), have you new sacke aheadie ? Now, by

my honestie, I drunke none this yeare, and therefore I doe not greatly care if I take a taste before I goe. And with that she went into the wine cellar with Tweedle, where first he set before her a piece of poudred beefe, as greene as a leek ; and then going into the kitchen, he brought her a piece of roasted beefe hot from the spit. Now, certaine of the maidens of the house, and soome of the young men, who had long before determined to be revenged of this prating huswife, came into the cellar one after another, one of them bringing a great piece of a gammon of bacon in his hand ; and every one bad Mistresse Franke welcome ; and first one dranke to her, and then another, and so the third, the fourth, and the fifth ; so that Mistresse Franks braines wast as mellow as a pippin at Michaelmas, and so light that, sitting in the cellar, she thought the world ran round. They seeing her to fall into merry humors, whetted her on in merriment as much as they could, saying, Mistresse Frank, spare not, I pray you, but thinke your selfe as welcome as any woman in Newberie ; for we have cause to love you, because you love our mistris so well. Now, I assure you, quoth she (lisping in her speech, her tongue waxing somewhat too big for her mouth), I love your mistresse well indeed, as if she were my owne daughter. Nay, but heare you, quoth they ; she begins not to deale well with us now. No, my lambs, quoth she : why so ? Because, quoth they, she seekes to bar us of



our allowance, telling our master that he spends too much in housekeeping. Nay, then (quoth she), your mistresse is an asse, and a foole : and though she goe in her hood, what care I ? She is but a girle to me. Twittle twattle, I know what I know. Go to ; drinke to me. Well, Tweedle, I drinke to thee with all my heart. Why, thou whoreson, when wilt thou be married ? O that I were a young wench, for thy sake : but tis no matter, though I be but a poore woman, I am a true woman, hang dogs. I have dwelt in this towne these thirtie winters. Why then, quoth they, you have dwelt here longer than our master. Your master, quoth she : I knew your master a boy, when he was called Jacke of Newberie ; I Jacke, I knew him called plain Jacke ; and your mistresse, now she is rich, and I am poore ; but tis no matter. I knew her a draggle tayle girle, mark yee. But now, quoth they, she takes upon her lustily, and hath forgot what she was. Tush, what will you have of a greene thing, quoth she ? Heere, I drink to you, so long as she goes where she list a gossipping ; and tis no matter ; little said is soone amended. But heare you, my masters, though Mistresse Winchcombe goe in her hood, I am as good as she ; I care not who tell it her. I spend not my husbands money in cherries and coddings. Go to, go to ; I know what I say well enough. I am sure I am not drunke. Mistresse Winchcombe—mistress ! No, Nan Winchcombe. I will call her name plaine


Nan. What, I was a woman when she was, se-reverence, a paltrie girle, though now she goes in her hood and chain of gold. What care I for her? I am her elder, and I know more of her tricks. Nay, I warrant you, I know what I say; tis no matter, laugh at me, and spare not. I am not drunke, I warrant. And with that, being scant able to hold open her eyes, shee began to nodde, and to spill the wine out of the glasse; which they perceiving, let her alone, going out of the cellar, till she was sound asleepe: and in the meane space they devised how to finish this piece of knavery. At last they consented to lay her forth at the backside of the house, halfe a mile off, even at the foote of a stile, that whosoever came next over might finde her. Notwithstanding, Tweedle stayed hard by, to see the end of this action. At last came a notable clowne from Greenham, taking his way to Newbery, who, comming hastily over the stile, stumbled at the woman, and fell doune cleane over her; but in the starting up, seeing it was a woman, cryed out, Alas, alas! how now? What is the matter? quoth Tweedle. O, quoth he, here lies a dead woman. A dead woman? quoth Tweedle. Thats not so, I trow. And with that he tumbled her about. Bones of me, quoth Tweedle, tis a drunken woman, and one of the towne, undoubt-edly. Surely it is great pittie she should lie here. Why, doe you know her? quoth the clowne. No, not I, quoth Tweedle. Neverthelesse, I will give the half

of a groat, and take her in thy basket, and carry her through the towne, and see if any body know her. Then, said the other, let me see the mony, and I will ; for, by the masse, she earnd not halfe a groat this great while. There it is, quoth Tweedle. Then the fellow put her in his basket, and so lifted her upon his back. Now, by the masse, she stinks vilely of drinke, or wine, or some thing. But tell me, what shall I say when I come into the towne ? quoth he. First, quoth Tweedle, I would have thee, so soone as ever thou canst goe to the townes end, with a lustie voyce to cry, O yes ; and then say, Who knowes this woman, who ? and though possibly some will say, I know her, and I know her, yet do not thou set her downe till thou comest to the market crosse, and there use the like wordes ; and if any be so friendly to tell thee where she dwels, then just before her doore crie so againe ; and if thou performe this bravely, I will give thee half a groat more. Master Tweedle (quoth he), I know you well enough ; you dwel with Master Winchcombe, do you not ? Well, if I doe it not in the nick, give me never a pennie. And so away he went till he came to the townes end, and there he crys out as boldly as any baylifes man, O yes, who knowes this woman, who ? Then said the drunken woman in the basket, her head falling first on one side and then on the other side, Who co me, who ? Then said hee againe, Who knowes this woman, who ? Who co me, who ? (quoth she) :

and looke, how oft he spake the one, she spake the other, saying still, Who co me, who co me, who ? Whereat all the people in the streete fell into such a laughing that the teares ran downe againe. At last one made answer, saying, Good fellow, she dwels in the Northe Brooke street, a little beyond Wincheombes. The fellow, hearing that, goes downe thither in all haste ; and there, in the hearing of a hundred people, cries, Who knowes this woman, who ? Whereat her husband comes out, saying, Marry, that doe I, too well. God helpe me, then, said the clowne, if you know her, take her ; for I know her not, but for a drunken beast. And as her husband tooke her out of the basket, she gave him a sound boxe on the eare, saying, What, you queanes, do you mock me ? and so was carried in. But the next day, when her braines were quiet, and her head cleared of those foggie vapours, she was so ashamed of her selfe that she went not forth of her doores a long time after ; and if any body did say unto her, Who co me, who ? she would be so mad and furious that she would be ready to draw her knife and to stick them, and scold as if she strove for the best game at the cucking stoole. Moreover, her prattling to Mistresse Wincheombes folks of their mistresse made her, on the other side, to fall out with her, in such sort that she troubled them no more, either with her companie or her counsell.

## CHAP. XI.

How one of Jacke of Newberies maydens became a ladie.

T the winning of Morlesse in France, the noble Earle of Surrey, being at that time Lord High Admirall of England, made many knights; among the rest was Sir George Rigley, brother to Sir Edward Rigley, and sundrie other, whose valours fame surpasse their wealth; so that when peace bred a scarcity in their purse, and that their credits grew weake in the citie, they were enforced to ride into the countrie, where, at their friends houses, they might have favourable welcome, without coyne or grudging. Among the rest, Jacke of Newberie, that kept a table for all commers, was never lightly without many such guests, where they were sure to have both welcome and good cheere, and their mirth no lesse pleasing than their meat was plentie. Sir George, having lyen long at boord in this brave yeomans house, at length fell in liking of one of his maidens, who was as faire as she was fond. This lustie wench he so allured with hope of marriage that at length she yeilded him her love, and therewithall bent her whole studie to worke his content; but in the end she so much contented him that it wrought altogether her owne discontent. To become high, she

laid her selfe so low that the knight suddenly fell over her, which fall became the rising of her belly ; and when the wanton perceived her selfe to be with child, she made her moane unto the knight, saying,

Ah ! Sir George, now is the time to performe your promise, or to make me a spectacle of infamy to the whole world for ever ; in the one, you shall discharge the duty of a true knight ; but in the other, shew your selfe a most perjured person : small honour will it be to boast in the spoyle of poore maidens, whose innocencie all good knights ought to defend. Why, you leud paltry thing, quoth he, commest thou to father thy bastard upon me ? Away, ye dunghill carrion, away ; heare you, good huswife, get you among your companions, and lay your litter where you list ; but if you trouble me any more, trust me you shalt dearly abid it ! and so, bending his browes like the angry god of warre, he went his wayes, leaving the child breeding wench to the hazzard of her fortune, either good or bad.

This poore maiden, seeing her selfe for her kindnesse thus cast off, shed many teares of sorrow for her sinne, inveighing with many bitter groans against the inconstancie of love alluring men ; and in the end, when she saw no other remedie, shee made her case knowne unto her mistresse ; who, after she had given her many checks and taunts, threatning to turne her out of doores, she opened the matter to her husband.



So soone as he heard thereof, he made no more to do, but presently poasted to London after Sir George, and found him at my Lord Admirals. What, Master Winchcombe (quoth he), you are heartily welcome to London, and I thanke you for my good cheere : I pray you, how doth your good wife and all our friends in Barkshire ? All well and merrie, I thanke you, good sir George, quoth he : I left them in health, and hope they do so continue ; and trust me, sir (quoth he), having earnest occasion to come up to talke with a bad debter, in my journey it was my chance to light in company of a gallant widow ; a gentlewoman she is, of wondrous good wealth, whom grisly death bereft of a kinde husband, making her a widow, ere she had beene halfe a yeare a wife : her land, sir George, is as well worth a hundred pound a yeare as one penny, being as faire and comely a creature as any of her degree in our whole country : now, sir, this is the worst ; by the reason that she doubts her selfe to be with child, she hath vowed not to marry these XII. moneths : but, because I wish you well, and the gentlewoman no hurt, I came of purpose from my businesse to tell you thereof : now, sir George, if you thinke her a fit wife for you, ride to her, woo her, winne her, and wed her. I thanke you, good Master Winchcombe (quoth he), for your favour ever toward me : and gladly would I see this young widow if I wist where shee dwels. Not halfe a mile

from my house, quoth Master Winchcombe, and I can send for her at any time if you please.

Sir George, hearing this, thought it was not best to come there, fearing Joane would father a child upon him, and therefore said, hee had no leisure to come from my lord : but, quoth he, would I might see her in London, on the condition it cost me twenty nobles. Tush, sir George (quoth Master Winchcombe), delay in love is dangerous, and he that will woo a widow, must take time by the forelocke, and suffer none other to step before him, lest hee leape without the widows love. Notwithstanding, seeing now I have toulde you of it, I will take my gelding, and get mee home ; if I hear of her coming to London, I will send you word, or perhaps come my selfe ; till when, adieu, good sir George. Thus parted Master Winchcombe from the knight ; and, being come home, in short time he got a faire taffetie gowne, and a French hood for his maide, saying : Come, ye drab ! I must be faine to cover a foule fault with a faire garment, yet all will not hide your great belly : but if I finde meanes to make you a lady, what wilt thou say then ? O, master (quoth she), I shall be bound while I live to pray for you. Come, then, minion (quoth her mistris), and put you on this gowne and French hood ; for seeing you have lien with a knight, you must needs bee a gentlewoman : the maid did so : and being thus attired, she was set on a faire gelding, and a couple of men sent

with her up to London : and being well instructed by her master and dame what she should do, she tooke her journey to the citie, in the terme time, and lodged at the Bell in the Strand : and mistresse Lovesesse must be her name, for so her master had warned her to call herselfe : neither did the men that waited on her, know the contrary, for Master Winchcombe had borrowed them of their master, to wait upon a friend of his to London, who could not spare any of his owne servants. At that time, notwithstanding, they were appointed, for the gentlewomans credit, to say they were her owne men. This being done, Master Winchcombe sent sir George a letter, that the gentlewoman which he told him of was now in London, lying at the Bell in the Strand, having great businesse at the terme ; with which newes sir George's heart was on fire, till such time as he might speake with her. Three or foure times went he thither, and still shee would not be spoken withall : the which close keeping of her selfe made him the more earnest in his suite.

At length, he watcht her so narrowly, that finding her going forth in an evening, hee followed her, shee having one man before and another behinde ; carrying a very stately gate in the streete, it drove him into the greater liking of her, being the more urged to utter his minde, and suddenly stepping before her, he thus saluted her. Gentlewoman, God save you, I have often beene at your lodging, and could never finde you at

leisure. Why, sir, quoth shee (counterfeiting her naturall speech), have you any businesse with me? Yes, faire widow, quoth hee; as you are a clyent to the law, so am I a sutor for your love; and may I finde you so favourable to let me plead my owne case at the bar of your beauty, I doubt not but to unfold so true a tale, as I trust will cause you to give sentence on my side. You are a merrie gentleman, quoth shee; but for my owne part, I know you not; neverthelesse, in a case of love, I will be not let to your sute, though perhaps I helpe you little therein; and therefore, sir, if it please you to give attendance at my lodging, upon my returne from the Temple, you shall know more of my minde: and so they parted. Sir George, receiving hereby some hope of good happe, stayed for his deare at her lodging doore: whom at her comming shee friendly greeted, saying: Surely, sir, your diligence is more than the profit you shall get thereby; but I pray you, how shall I call your name? George Rigly (quoth he), I am called; and for some small deserts I was knighted in France. Why then, Sir George (quoth she), I have done you too much wrong to make you thus dance attendance on my worthlesse person; but let me bee so bold to request you to tell me how you came to know me? for my owne part, I cannot remember that ever I saw you before. Mistris Lovelesse (sayd Sir George), I am well acquainted with a good neighbour of yours, called Master Winchcombe, who is

my very good friend, and to say the truth, you were commended unto me by him. Truly, Sir George, sayd she, you are so much the better welcome ; nevertheless, I have made a vow not to love any man for this twelve moneths space ; and therefore, sir, till then I would wish you to trouble your selfe no further in this matter till that time be expired : and then, if I finde you be not intangled to any other, and that by triall I finde out the truth of your love, for Master Winchcombe's sake, your welcome shall be as good as any other gentlemans whatsoever.

Sir George, having received this answer, was wondrous woe, cursing the day that ever he medled with Joane, whose time of deliverance would come long before a twelve moneth were expired, to his utter shame and overthrow of his good fortune ; for by that meanes should hee have Master Winchcombe his enemy, and therewithall the losse of this faire gentlewoman. Wherefore, to prevent this mischief, he sent a letter in all haste to Master Winchcombe, requesting him most earnestly to come up to London, by whose perswasion hee hoped straight to finish the marriage. Master Winchcombe fulfilled his request, and then presently was the marriage solemnized at the Tower of London, in presence of many gentlemen of Sir Georges friends, but when he found it was Joane, whom hee had gotten with child, hee fretted and fumed, stamp't and star'd like a divell. Why (quoth M. Winchcombe),

what needs all this ; came you to my table to make my maide your strumpet ; had you no mans house to dishonor but mine ? Sir, I would you should know that I account the poorest wench in my house too good to be your whore were you ten knights : and seeing you tooke pleasure in making her your wanton, take it no scorne to make her your wife ; and use her well too, or you shall heare of it. And hold the, Joane (quoth he), there is a hundred pounds for thee ; and let him not say thou comst to him a beggar. Sir George, seeing this, and withall casting in his mind what a friend Master Winchcombe might bee to him, taking his wife by the hand, gave her a loving kisse, and Master Winchcombe great thankes. Whereupon he willed him for two yeares space to take his diet and his ladies at his house : which the knight accepting, rode straight with his wife to Newberie. Then did the mistris make curtsie to the maid, saying : You are welcome, madam, giving her the upper hand in all places ; and thus they lived afterward in great joy : and our king, hearing how Jacke had matcht Sir George, laughing heartily thereat, gave him a living for ever, the better to maintaine my lady his wife.

FINIS.

















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